

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

PRINCIPAL SYDNEY CAVE, D.D., has given us in *The Christian Estimate of Man*¹ a book which is at once of excellent quality and highly opportune. 'The revival of Calvinism in recent years has shown that, however obsolete be the form, the content of the old controversies still has meaning for modern men, whilst the tragic circumstances of our time have made the problem of man's nature and destiny once more of pressing and poignant interest.'

Widely different, and indeed irreconcilable, views of man have been held and proclaimed in our time. The theory of organic evolution, while it seemed to overturn the Biblical view and assign to man a very lowly origin, gave new meaning to the word 'progress' and, combining with nineteenth-century optimism, represented man as an aspiring creature with the morning sun striking upon his uplifted brow and a limitless future before him. In the profound disillusionment of the twentieth century a very different view of man has come to be widely held. Man is wholly insignificant, his life without meaning or purpose, 'a microbe clinging desperately to a grain of sand.'

H. G. WELLS has experienced and popularized these changeful estimates as few have. At one time his faith was that 'man must go on—conquest beyond conquest,' but more recently he sadly confesses, 'In spite of all my disposition to a brave-looking optimism, I perceive that now the universe is bored with him, is turning a hard face to him, and I see him being carried less and less intelligently and more and more rapidly . . . along the stream of fate to degradation, suffering and death.'

While such conflicting views occupy and perplex men's minds it is opportune that the Christian view of man should be stated freshly and persuasively. And this is what Dr. Sydney CAVE has done. He has chosen to treat the subject historically. Beginning with the witness of the Synoptic Gospels and the New Testament gener-

¹ Duckworth ; 6s. net.

ally, he follows the stream of Christian thought through the Middle Ages to the Reformation and thence to the modern period. He is a sympathetic interpreter of the mind of the great Christian thinkers, Augustine, Aquinas, Luther, Calvin, while he is at times critical of their terminology. Finally he endeavours to express in language more acceptable to the modern mind what he regards as the vital truth about man according to the Scriptures.

He very rightly calls his book *The Christian Estimate of Man*, not the Christian Doctrine of Man, for in the strict sense there is no Christian doctrine of man. The Bible is no book of psychology or anthropology. 'The Christian proclamation speaks to man, but it does not speak of man. The Christian revelation of God made known in Christ for man's salvation involves an estimate of what man is and man might be, for it is as men know God that they can discover what man is.' In other words, from the manner of God's speech and action towards men we are able in some measure to gather what God's estimate of man is in his nature and destiny.

The essence of the gospel is a message of the grace of God to a sinful world. God the Creator of the world comes to man, who has gone astray and lost himself in sin, as his Redeemer. The gospel pronounces judgment on sin and grave warnings of sin's consequences, but it is pre-eminently a message of forgiveness, of loving invitation, of assurance, of welcome. Now this divine approach to man in the gospel inevitably raises certain momentous questions about man, his nature, his sin, his destiny—questions which have deeply exercised the Christian mind and are very much alive to-day.

How has man come to be sinful, so universally sinful that none has escaped the taint? In discussions on this point the story of the Fall has been much in evidence. But there is practically no account taken of that in the New Testament. We do not find Jesus condemning men for the sin of their first parents. Doubtless the New Testa-

ment teaches not merely that men sin, but that the human race is sinful, that sin is a deep-seated malady in human nature; but no man is condemned save for his own sin. Apart from the story of the Fall it is evident that the stream of human history must have been polluted near the fountain head. Logically there must have been a point marked by 'man's first disobedience.' But the practical problem for each man is the problem of his own sin.

Another much debated question is concerned with the extent of man's sinfulness. How deep and extensive is the depravity of the human heart? Calvinists have used the term 'total depravity' in their anxiety to counter the argument of those who held that man in spite of his sin has still some native ability to save himself. The phrase is an unhappy one and has been widely misunderstood and blasphemed. Calvinists never meant to affirm that every man is as black as can be. Calvin himself says, 'The human mind, however much fallen and perverted from its original integrity, is still adorned and invested with admirable gifts from its Creator. If we reflect that the Spirit of God is the only fountain of truth, we shall be careful, as we would avoid offering insult to Him, not to reject or despise truth wherever it appears,' and much more in the same eloquent praise of human nature. What was meant was simply that no faculty of the inner man had escaped the pollution of sin—thoughts, feelings, will—all were tainted. And this is Christian truth, though the objectionable phrase may well be dropped.

Another great controversy has raged round the question of the relation of divine grace to human free will. It is the unanimous testimony of Christian experience that God and God alone saves. This is the message of the gospel, God graciously doing for man what man could in no wise do for himself. But this truth has been pushed to the verge of determinism. In opposition to the claim, which persistently crops up, that the natural man can do something effective and meritorious for his own salvation, Christian thinkers have laid extreme stress on the sovereignty of divine grace almost to the exclusion of human responsibility. Yet fatalism has never been taught as a doctrine in any Christian school. And now that theological bitterness has greatly abated, both Calvinist and Arminian, avoiding controversial phrases, are generally agreed that salvation is all of grace, *soli Deo gloria*; that all men as responsible beings are faced with the message of the gospel and are called to repent and believe.

No doubt there is here an insoluble antinomy in the inscrutable relation of the overruling will of God to the free will of man, but such antinomies are encountered in science and philosophy as well as in religion, and are indeed simply part of that impenetrable mystery which wraps us round. Much theological controversy has raged in these high regions where human thought falters and human language is inadequate to express the many-sidedness of the divine reality. The prime Christian duty is not to strive after over-refinement of definition, still less to spend strength on controversy with fellow-Christians whose meaning and intention are identical though their terminology may differ, but to maintain and proclaim in language that plain men can understand the broad main truths of how God's great grace in Jesus Christ brings salvation to sinful men.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has given as the title of his new book the subject which occupies five of the later chapters—*The Church Looks Forward*. That subject is the application of Christian principles to social and political life. But this is itself only one instance of what may be stated even more generally, 'the need of a new integration of life.' In simpler words the Archbishop holds that religion is not a matter of piety only but is the penetration of *all* life—art, science, politics, industry, commerce, finance—with its own truth and power. All life must be brought into a unity, and this can be achieved only by the operation of a divine purpose. It is all part of the Kingdom of God.

Is the Church justified in laying down principles for the conduct of great corporations of people—trade unions, employers' federations, national states—and to exert its influence not only upon the way in which men and women behave in society but upon the structure of society itself? Dr. TEMPLE has no doubt about the true answer. Certainly, our first duty is to call men to God, to proclaim the fundamental gospel, but the Church has not only the right but also the duty to draw out the judgments that are implicit in it upon the order of society we know, and indicate the direction at least in which it seems that our forward move must be conducted.

When one looks at present-day society there are two things in it that are contrary to the mind of Christ. One is what Disraeli called 'the two nations.' Even under what appears to be a close-knit unity in our national life there are the seeds of the old division. It is a division between those who have and those who have not. And this

arises when men put material blessings first. When men put spiritual things first, knowledge and peace and love, they are not divided because one man's success is all men's success. But when material goods are put first we have division and the 'broken fellowship of our life.' We must bring this materialistic outlook to an end, for out of it flow all the great evils that afflict us in our social life.

The other thing is the predominance of the profit motive. In itself the profit motive is sound, for it is reasonable that a man should want to improve his position. But it is the fact that this motive comes first in the determination of so much of our economic and industrial activity that is a great evil. When the whole policy of the economic world is governed chiefly by this motive the result is disastrous. What we need is an organization of society in which the public interest is put before the private interest. Dr. TEMPLE gives land and money as examples or spheres in which this principle should apply.

Another way in which Dr. TEMPLE puts his main contention is that the Church's business is to proclaim the distinction between means and ends, for it is largely through confusing means and ends that we have got into a large part of our troubles. There are real ends in life, and they are all in that realm which belongs to us in virtue of our spiritual and intellectual capacities—the realm of knowledge, loyalty, happiness, beauty. These are the only real ends.

The whole economic sphere is concerned with means to those ends, and it must be judged, not by its efficiency within itself, by its effectiveness in promoting maximum output, but primarily in the light of the question whether it is fostering the attainment of the real ends by the greatest number of people. And this Dr. TEMPLE expresses in a slogan: 'Fulness of personality in the widest possible fellowship.' Of course, efficiency is of great importance. But its place is the second place. The first place is the kind of human life which is being rendered possible, or, it may be, which is being made necessary, by the type of economic system in which a man lives. Efficiency is important because it is necessary to this true human welfare.

There is a good deal of repetition in those deliverances, but even in this repetition there is sometimes a fresh angle. For example, the Archbishop goes on to say that what is really required is an extension of the meaning we give to the

word 'religion.' The inner heart of it must, of course, always be the relationship of the soul and God. Without that, even though right principles are proclaimed, there will be no driving power to effect their execution. Also, if we have any religion at all, it must supply us with a hierarchy of ends and means to them, giving the primacy to some and to others a subordinate place.

The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever, and all discussion of objects to which it may be worth while to devote time and strength must be conducted in the light of that fundamental conviction. But, subordinate to that, we may say that true ends are whatever promotes the development of truly personal qualities in human life and binds people in true community. These have a place within the divine purpose. And so Dr. TEMPLE takes as another slogan: 'The supremacy in all respects of the human person.' And in order to secure this we must, he contends, secure control of land, water, and credit.

This is the gist of these five addresses, but Dr. TEMPLE adds an interesting note to them when he claims that Christianity has always had a social witness to give. It began in the very first days when voluntary communism was practised. And soon the Christians began to exercise their minds very much about property. But up till the time of Constantine they put forward no suggestions for the ordering of society as a whole. They were simply dealing with principles for the guidance of their own life within their isolated community. But the principles which they laid down were never recalled, and the first, of course, was this: that the duty of man is to love God and his neighbour as himself.

Now if we did this we should work our hardest to produce what the whole fellowship needed: we should take our reasonable share of it and no more; and there would be no need for property rights. Property rights were necessary in a sinful world because men did not love their neighbour as themselves; but the rights were necessary not to protect the great property owners but to protect the small property owners, because in a world where men did not love others as themselves the strong were going to take advantage of the weak.

After the conversion of Constantine the Christians began to reflect on their duty as citizens to influence society in the direction of conformity with the standards of the gospel. And gradually, moved by such thoughts, the reflection of Christian minds built up the mediæval system, of which the

two main principles were the prohibition of usury and the doctrine of the just price. At what point you should begin to apply these principles was a matter that caused the Church much trouble, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was a cessation of effective witness, owing to various causes.

But certainly the development in the nineteenth century was as different from mediæval economics as possible. The doctrine of the just price, for example, condemns completely the law of supply and demand. We have come to take it almost as a law of Nature that the price of things is governed by this law of supply and demand. But we know it is not. The law of supply and demand is a non-moral law, and what we have allowed to happen is to let this non-moral mechanical structure become the sole determinant of our conduct; and we have got to find our way back to use this machine in the interests of human fellowship and the richness of human personality. Production exists for consumption; finance exists to promote this; and all such processes are in the interests of human life and under the rule that the supremacy of the human person is the Christian guiding light.

In the last Note we have been considering certain applications of Christian principles urged by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the volume which he has just published through Messrs. Macmillan, 'The Church Looks Forward.' In this Note we are to look at Mr. HOBHOUSE's views on forgiveness, seeing how far the Archbishop is in agreement with him.

Mr. Stephen HOBHOUSE, who is a Quaker, and Pacifist, has published in revised and much enlarged form an essay that first appeared in June 1941—*Christ and our Enemies*.¹ The Archbishop of Canterbury, greatly as he differs from the writer of the pamphlet, has contributed a generous Introduction. In it he commends the pamphlet as coming from the pen of one 'conspicuously qualified by experience, by study, and by personal character' to discuss the themes of which it treats.

The essay begins with a reference to a Christmas-tide radio service conducted last year by the Archbishop, in which the central theme was the forgiving and reconciling spirit that should be shown towards evil-doers and enemies. It was in the hope of rousing and strengthening this spirit among Christian people, particularly among

¹ S.P.C.K.; 9d.

ministers of the gospel, that Mr. HOBHOUSE composed 'the present study and appeal.'

Here are the stated conclusions that the essayist puts before his readers as following upon a careful review of the most relevant passages, which he has conveniently arranged under the rubrics: (1) We and our Enemies; (2) God and Ourselves; (3) Christ and His Enemies.

(1) In the Old Testament the whole-hearted love of our fellow-men is definitely taught, especially if they be in distress—but only if they are men of good-will. But Jesus went further. It is His teaching about 'love,' that is, forgiveness and benevolence, towards the bad, towards enemies, which was new and startling to both Jews and Gentiles.

The Archbishop agrees with Mr. HOBHOUSE that full and free forgiveness must first be felt and expressed while as yet the offender shows no signs of repentance or of any change of heart. The distinction should be observed, however, between 'forgivingness' in the offended person and 'forgiveness' in the offender. The latter must follow repentance, not precede it, at least in the sense of admission of wrong. Forgiveness cannot be received except by repenting; but it can be offered (and God Himself offers it) without there being any evidence of repenting.

(2) Our distinctively Christian duty of forgiving and blessing, that is, of 'loving' our enemies, is the most exact 'imitation of Christ,' as springing directly from the basic fact of God's original love of us as, one and all, enemies and evil-doers. For while we were yet sinners, God already loved us, and suffered and died for us in Christ.

Incidentally, Mr. HOBHOUSE expresses the opinion that the worthiness of even the worst of our enemies to receive our forgiveness and blessing is confirmed by the teaching of the Christian mystics concerning human nature. There persists, they say, at the core of every human person, however depraved and cruel, the 'seed' of the divine Christ, waiting to be born again in due time. Like George Fox we must constantly make our appeal to 'that of God' in the heart of every man.

(3) In the providence of God the antecedent or 'preventive' grace of forgiveness in Christ does in fact work upon the hearts of evil men. In the months following the death of Christ 'a great company of the priests'—those enemies who com-

passed His ruin, and for whom He prayed on the Cross—' became obedient to the faith.' So, too, the martyrdom of Stephen led to the conversion of Saul, who was among those who breathed 'threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord,' and for whose forgiveness Stephen prayed after the manner of Christ.

Would it not then be well, asks Mr. HOBHOUSE, if our explicit prayers for the unhappy victims of war and oppression were always followed by an equally outspoken prayer for the men who are chiefly responsible for this misery? He cites as a shining example the prayer appointed to be read in all the churches of Russia in 1940: 'O Lord, do not condemn those who have persecuted us; be merciful to all those whom we Christians have

hardened without knowing it; may our holy prayer be for them a mystery of reconciliation . . . may Thy love be with them not as a consuming fire but as a breath of Paradise.'

So far Mr. HOBHOUSE; and all Christians will agree with him that we must be guided by 'love.' But, as the Archbishop says in the Introduction, what 'love' requires of us in our attitude towards the national enemy is now a matter of disagreement. The unity between pacifists and non-pacifists exists, but their differences go very deep. And he remarks that these will be as serious when the war is over as they are while it goes on: 'for the one will hope for peace by disarmament, and the other will seek to maintain armaments, but subordinate them to international control.'

The New Order.

VI. Democracy and Leadership.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND J. W. HUNKIN, D.D., BISHOP OF TRURO.

IN his important and most thought-provoking speech in London last November General Smuts laid great stress on leadership as a vital necessity for democracy. 'In the difficulties before us,' he said, 'we shall want both leadership and democracy.' 'Without leadership, freedom by itself will not help you.'

Just over a hundred years ago, Thomas Carlyle was insisting on the same necessity. In his little book on *Chartism* (1840) he wrote: 'Democracy, we are well aware, what is called "self-government" of the multitude by the multitude, is in words the thing everywhere passionately clamoured for at present. . . . And yet all men may see, whose sight is good for much, that in democracy can lie no finality; that with the completest winning of democracy there is nothing yet won. . . . Democracy never yet, that we heard of, was able to accomplish much work, beyond that same cancelling of itself. Rome and Athens are themes for the schools; unexceptionable for that purpose. In Rome and Athens, as elsewhere, if we look practically, we shall find that it was not by loud voting and debating of many, but by wise insight and ordering of a few that the work was done. So is it ever, so will it ever be.' 'Surely of all "rights of man,"' he says in the same essay, 'this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the

true course by him, is the indisputablest.' And he concludes this section of his book with characteristic eloquence: 'Cannot one discern too, across all democratic turbulence, clattering of ballot-boxes and infinite sorrowful jangle, needful or not, that this at bottom is the wish and prayer of all human hearts, everywhere and at all times: "Give me a leader; a true leader, not a false sham-leader; a true leader, that he may guide me on the true way, that I may be loyal to him, that I may swear fealty to him and follow him, and feel that it is well with me!" The relation of the taught to their teacher, of the loyal subject to his guiding king, is, under one shape or another, the vital element of human Society; indispensable to it, perennial in it; without which, as a body reft of its soul, it falls down into death, and with horrid noise some dissolution passes away and disappears.'

This necessity for leadership may be considered under two headings: the necessity for *practical* leadership, the necessity for *ideal* leadership.

PRACTICAL LEADERSHIP.

And first the practical: I would appeal to the experience of any one who has to spend a great deal of time on committees and councils and legislative or executive assemblies. To begin with, how often the personnel of the body is not the

personnel best adapted to its purpose. Take for example the Education Committee of a local authority. It may be composed very largely of persons who have only the slightest right to speak on educational questions. Most of the members of the Committee will be people of some leisure, and this very often means retired bankers, farmers, business-men; public-spirited men anxious to serve the community; but how can they think themselves fitted to serve on an Education Committee? But they do, in large numbers. And being there, they feel that they must make themselves heard, if only by asking a question. Of the questions asked by such persons at least ninety per cent. merely reveal the ignorance of the questioner, who ought to have taken the trouble to acquire the information from one of the officials beforehand. Most of the business being routine business, little harm is done beyond the waste of time, and that is always harmful. But when some more important matter comes up, there is often a stupid debate, followed perhaps by some compromise, or a decision by a bare majority, which may very likely be reversed by some higher authority.

As another example take the National Assembly of the Church of England. My friend, Chancellor Mulliner, not long ago worked over the first hundred names, both of clergy and of laity, in the 1942 Year Book. Here are his results:

CHURCH ASSEMBLY.			
HOUSE OF CLERGY.		HOUSE OF LAITY.	
Age.	Number.	Age.	Number.
80	3	80	11
70	31	70	26
60	35	60	32
50	28	50	18
40	3	40	9
		30	4
Average Age, 64·9.		Average Age, 64·11.	

It is not really very surprising, for members of the Church Assembly must be persons who each year can spend the greater part of three weeks in London at their own expense. Beside elected members, the House of Clergy in the Assembly consists of a number of members *ex officio* like Archdeacons; but any disinterested and unprejudiced person, listening in the gallery over a number of years, would be driven to the conclusion that of the speakers who bore and waste the time of the Assembly a surprisingly large proportion are *elected* members. Which points to the fact, otherwise sufficiently obvious, that the Church Assembly, a comparatively juvenile body, set up by the 'Enabling Act' of 1919, has by no means solved the problem of securing the election of members best qualified to represent the Church at large.

It would do something to relieve the situation if we could agree on a better technique in the conduct of committees and council meetings. An Education Committee, for example, should choose its salaried officers most carefully, and then leave the carrying out of administrative details as much as possible to them. If they failed in their duty, the remedy would be their dismissal. The Committee then would be largely concerned with questions of principle. Certain members of outstanding qualification, with other great responsibilities, should be recognized as being under no obligation to attend ordinary meetings of the Committee, though they would be welcomed when matters of first-rate importance were on the agenda. The Chairman would make a sustained effort to avoid waste of time; and no question should be allowed without previous notice, and without an opportunity being first given to the appropriate official to answer it privately. If democracy is to get the leadership of the ablest men in the prime of life, it simply must learn to work its machinery more smoothly and efficiently.

I have used these two illustrations of a danger which threatens all departments in the national life of a democracy. And if, in the world of nations, there is international competition and struggle for existence, this time-wasting, energy-dissipating, habit of government becomes a menace. It is actually a real menace at the present time. We are, as a nation, extraordinarily slow in waking up to it. In spite of our prophets and seers, Thomas Carlyle, General Smuts, and the rest, we still stagger on, with every man demanding to say his say, whether he has the knowledge and capacity to speak or not. A large section of the populace is at present in a rather queer mood. A friend of mine, who is a skilled worker in a great industrial establishment, tells me that Free Masonry is unpopular: even Toc H is unpopular. There seems to be a great deal of groundless suspicion of and objection to any form of selectiveness. For one reason and another, the people of this country are difficult to lead. The reluctance of numbers of workers to follow even their own Trade Union leaders has been one of the most disturbing features of recent strikes.

Who are these natural leaders, and where are they to be found? This is a large question and, like the other large questions raised in this paper, can only be touched on here. But it is clear that these leaders should be people outstanding in ability, energy, courage, integrity. They must have a power of inspiring loyalty and confidence, and must be devoted to duty themselves. They should have had a good education. In certain families there is a tradition of disinterested public

service. Mr. Churchill himself is the product of such a tradition. This source and strain of leadership must be utilized to the full. The capacity for leadership is not, indeed, confined to any one section of society: but if in certain sections it has been notably bred and trained, those sections must be drawn upon while the potential resources of other sections are developed. In this most important matter the prejudices aroused by class-consciousness must be set aside. Unfortunately class-consciousness is still too strong, and stronger at the bottom than at the top.

IDEAL LEADERSHIP.

In the same year in which Carlyle published his essay on *Chartism* (1840) he gave his six more famous lectures on *Heroes and Hero-worship*. In these lectures he maintained that nothing 'can entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether peculiar reverence for Great Men; genuine admiration, loyalty, adoration, however dim and perverted it may be.' 'Religion I find stands upon it: not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.'

In this matter, as General Smuts pointed out, we have something to learn from our enemies. 'They fight,' he said, 'for the leadership principle, the Führer principle.' And both he and Carlyle were thinking of something more than the importance of efficient, business-like, honest leadership in the everyday life of the community. Men and women need also leadership of a romantic and inspirational type.

Not long ago one Sunday morning I gave a lift in my car to a young stoker who had already done three years' service in the small fast craft used on patrol in the English Channel. It is, of course, most dangerous and exciting work. He gave no secrets away, but when I talked to him about the late Commander R. P. Hitchens, that daring patrol leader of whom all Cornishmen are justly proud, he said that his commander was another such. 'We feel comfortable going to sea with him,' he said—or words to that effect.

In Germany, as we all know, Hitler has inspired millions of his fellow-countrymen with a devotion that almost amounts to a religious devotion. His very name has thrilled innumerable men and women who have hardly caught sight of him. The Nazis almost worship Hitler. We never

come near worshipping Churchill, however much we count on him and look up to him. We want practical, far-seeing men as leaders, but also deep in human nature there seems to be a need which in the case of the Nazis has found a perverted satisfaction in fanatical devotion to the Führer. We recoil from the result in Germany, but it would be most unfortunate if we were thrown to the opposite extreme of rejecting even the ideal of leadership.

The human craving for a leader throws light, as Carlyle himself perceived, on the inner meaning of the Christian religion. For years the Jews had that craving for a *Messiah*. In that great passage in Is 55 (with at any rate some kind of Messianic reference) the oracle runs, 'I have given him . . . for a leader and commander to the people.' The Jewish people's hope for a Messiah was, in an unexpected way, fulfilled in Christ. It was, indeed, more than fulfilled, and Christ has proved Himself to be the universal leader. It is a positive advantage that His bodily presence is no longer with us on the earth, and that His story has come to us richly embroidered with romance. Through the mists that always gather round historic figures He is plainly to be discerned: One who went about doing good, healing those who were oppressed, entirely disinterested, uniquely inspired; who fought Evil to the death and triumphed. His Spirit, freed from the limitations of space and time, is alive and active still. About Him mankind could rally as about no one else. Vast numbers of people are already vaguely conscious that He is the central Figure of history; and that Christianity, in a revised form, no doubt, is what the world really wants. The great task of the Church is to crystallize that vague consciousness into something definite, tangible, active.

At a clerical gathering recently I heard one of the best of parochial clergy say very earnestly that what he desired above all to aim at was to present Christ, the living Christ, to his people. He quoted the text from St. John, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.' Dr. Raven in his recent book expresses his eagerness that some one should do for this generation what Dr. Glover did for the last in his book *The Jesus of History*. Certain attempts are being made, some of them on fresh lines, and we owe a great debt of gratitude to Miss Dorothy Sayers for her broadcast plays *The Man born to be King*. They have opened the ears of thousands hitherto rather deaf to the appeal of the life of our Lord. The ideal worker in this field is the first-class scholar who is also a first-class poet. Such a scholar-poet would be able, in the first place, to weigh the historical evidence, and as a scientific

historian to get as near to actual facts as it is possible now to get. But the bare facts, the correct reconstruction of the order of events, would only be a preliminary part of his work. His reason would take him as far as it could, and then his imagination would take him further, really further—not in an illusory world, but in the world of reality.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

Lucacy, no doubt, deserves its place in the trio because madness is akin to genius. And taking the lines more seriously than Shakespeare meant us to take them, we may allow them to emphasize the part played by the imagination in the most human of human experiences—the experience of the poets and of those who love. In love what a man sees is an idea anchored in fact. The object of his affection has full existence only in his imagination. It is suggested by, embodied in, and mixed up with a living, breathing figure moving about on the earth. It is indeed impossible to distinguish idea and fact; and similarly in the case of the Person of Christ it is impossible to distinguish myth from history. But it needs the insight and inspiration of a poet to apprehend the significance of the whole.

The ideal leader the world needs is One who can be loved and adored without reserve. And of all the figures which have ever appeared upon the plane of human history, that of Christ has proved to be the most lovable and adorable.

Among the late Dr. Frere's Confirmation addresses still remembered in this diocese was one on the text, 'Looking unto Jesus.' An illustration which Dr. Frere used was reported to me years afterwards by a vicar who heard it. It was that of a young man at a party or a dance who *could not keep his eyes off* the maiden of his choice. The look of the Christian towards Jesus is that of one who cannot keep his eyes off his beloved Master. I suppose it is the purpose of Elevation at Mass to draw that adoring look. It is also the purpose of the Salvationist meeting—'There is life for a look at the Crucified One.' A degree of success is often attained in each case. Many of us try neither method exactly, but something between the two. Many more, unfortunately, seem to make no attempt to use any method at all.

Certainly the Christ whom the Church has always worshipped from St. Paul's day to our own is a Person infinitely adorable. 'Whom having not seen, ye love,' says the writer of the Epistle of St. Peter, 'In whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy

unspeakable and full of glory' (1 P 1⁸). Any picture of Christ which does not come up to that does not give us the authentic Christ of Christendom. What is the exact relation of the Christ of experience to the Jesus of history? No one has ever been able to say exactly, any more than a man truly in love can say what is the exact relation between her imagined and her of flesh-and-blood, or the reality which includes both.

But beware of treating fact shot through with myth in the mechanical way in which it may be justifiable to treat bare fact. Take the Lord's Supper for example. What in exact detail happened in the Upper Room on the evening before the Crucifixion? Perhaps we shall never know. At all events, so far the evidence is historically meagre. Yet the Lord's Supper, which arose out of whatever happened then and in the subsequent breakings of bread in the earliest Christian circles, has proved itself to be a great means of fastening that devout adoring look on Jesus. Leave it at that. Any attempt to reduce it to a mechanical formula is really quite out of keeping, and may easily dissipate the spiritual effect.

The true poet will know best how to keep fact and idea in due relation and in right proportion. Poetical drama says more than Metaphysics. Every age needs a poet-interpreter of the Person of Christ. Every age so far, I suppose, has had one, beginning with St. John.

'The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth.'

*Jesu dulcis memoria
Dans vera cordi gaudia
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia.*

That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows.

With the Gospels in their hands, all nations can gather to worship Him. The highest of THAT which is and was and is TO COME is like THAT—is THAT. He gathers unto Himself the sweetness of all things heavenly and earthly, and at the same time is King of Kings and Lord of Lords—divine Redeemer. O come let us adore Him. In adoring we catch something of His Spirit: for the Spirit that was and is in Him is as living and life-giving as ever. If the nations are to live together and work together, fight against evil together and endure sacrifice together, they must worship together. And they can worship none but Him.

Literature.

THE REASONABLENESS OF DEMOCRACY.

PROFESSOR W. T. STACE of Princeton University has published a timely and most readable book, *The Destiny of Western Man* (Allen & Unwin; 15s. net). Though he spent twenty-two years in Ceylon as a Civil Servant, his output in technical philosophy is considerable; but in this work, in which he defends the democratic way of life against Fascism and Nazism, he shows us with quite remarkable success how effectively philosophical ideas may be expounded in untechnical and popular terms. It is a delight to read his masterly expositions. The only formal criticism we would make is that the title chosen for the work is apt to raise undue expectations. Dr. Stace does not indulge himself in the rôle of prophet, though he does say in his concluding sentence: 'Our cause must triumph, not because it is ours, but because it is just.'

We should be interested to see Dr. Stace's elaboration of the point that the just cause must triumph. Unless we misunderstand him, he refuses to have recourse to the faith that justice lies at the heart of the universe. He will have no traffic with the cosmical, much less with the super-cosmical. His discussion lies on the planes of the psychological and the ethical, and he will not allow any relevance to considerations that would carry us beyond the human mind and consciousness.

Here is a summary of the argument, which moves slowly but firmly and surely—within its self-imposed limits—to its conclusion.

In the attempt to show, from a purely humanistic standpoint, that the principles on which our Western democratic civilization has rested are superior to those on which rests the totalitarian civilization with which we are now confronted, Dr. Stace begins by saying that our Western democratic civilization is based upon the Greek doctrine of the primacy of reason and the Christian doctrine of the primacy of sympathy. Out of those two doctrines, which can be combined together—pragmatically at least—without any contradiction, there necessarily grew the idea of the infinite value of the individual, which with the related ideas of equality, individualism, and liberty constitutes the inner soul or substance of Western civilization. But recently an opposite set of ideas has found currency, based upon the doctrine of the primacy of will. And the issue must be faced if democratic ideals are to be justified. Was Plato right, or was Schopenhauer? Is reason the master of men, or are we the mere slaves of the will?

Having brought his argument to this issue, Dr. Stace proceeds to describe the ethos of totalitarianism, showing that it is a denial of the entire tradition of Western civilization; and then he

turns to the crucial question of the rational defence not only of Plato against Schopenhauer but also of Christ against Nietzsche. He holds that the essential Platonic doctrine of the ascendancy of reason over will is a correct analysis of human nature, and that the doctrine of the primacy of will cannot be completely put into practice so long as men remain human. He holds also that Christianity in emphasizing the principle of sympathy is simply emphasizing the truth of man's social nature, and that Nietzsche in condemning sympathy is condemning the very basis of society. It is strange, he adds, that totalitarianism should have failed to see that in allying itself with Nietzschean ethics it contradicts its own theory—ill-founded as it is—of the organic nature of society.

There are many points on which we should have difficulty in agreeing with Dr. Stace. They all seem to cluster round what we might call his positivist conception of human nature and experience. He thinks Hegel was born out of due season, three hundred years too late, and that Whitehead's is a lone voice in this anti-rational twentieth century. But on such points our author is content to affirm his views, and one may be content to question them.

In the substance of his exposition, however, we find one point that appears to want clarification. It is apt indeed to be a source of confusion throughout. In searching for the psychological foundation of Christian Ethics, or, in other words, the theory of human nature which Christian Ethics implies, Dr. Stace suggests that it is to be found in the primacy of sympathy. By sympathy he understands with Bergson 'the infectious character of feelings and emotions.' As the Greeks emphasized reason, so Christianity emphasized sympathy. Further, as the Greek ethical principle of moderation grew out of the psychological doctrine of the primacy of reason, so the Christian ethical principle of selflessness grew out of the psychological belief that sympathy is the prime fact of human nature. 'Sympathy is the psychological source of selflessness, just as reason was believed by the Greeks to be the psychological source of moderation.' Now we shall not urge that Dr. Stace is inclined to forget that the New Testament is quite unaware of the psychological source of the moral ideal. But we do urge that the two primacies—of reason and sympathy—which he introduces to us on the psychological level are transformed, as the argument proceeds, into the psychological primacy of reason and the ethical primacy of sympathy. We most respectfully suggest that he should either find another term than sympathy to describe the infectiousness of the psychical element of feeling or else refrain from using sympathy in the ethical context as virtually equivalent to selflessness, self-sacrifice, love.

W. FULTON.

DR. TEMPLE ON CHURCH UNION.

The Church Looks Forward, by Dr. William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net).

This book contains the chief speeches and sermons which Dr. Temple delivered during the first eighteen months after his appointment to the See of Canterbury. They fall into three classes—those on Religion and Politics, those on Church Union, and sermons on general themes. As we might expect, there is everywhere clear thinking expressed in forcible and cultured speech. Dr. Temple has definite convictions, and the guidance he offers to Christian people will in most cases be acceptable. Not least of the merits of this book is the proof it offers that the Church has something to say on big questions that is worthy of attention.

Dr. Temple is impressed by the evil of our Church divisions. They hinder our service. They blunt our appeal to the general public. They prevent the Government from offering facilities which it would readily offer to a united Church. They render flatly impossible any complete fulfilment of the primary purpose of the Church—effective witness to the one God and to the fellowship which can hold together in one the disciples of Christ. Dr. Temple is very much in earnest in presenting this case against our separations. I must, with all respect, frankly say that this case does not impress me. Why should there be any 'scandal' in our divisions? If many people prefer to be governed by a bishop, or to have each congregation independent, or to be ruled by presbyters, or to insist on adult baptism, why should they not be gathered into companies of like-minded people? Is there any scandal in the existence of separate political parties, Conservative, Liberal, Labour? Why should there be in Church matters? So many men, so many minds. There is no guilt in following honest convictions.

The scandal is not in our divisions but in one body unchurching another, in the refusal to sit together at the Holy Table, in the refusal to recognize the ministries of other churches, that is to say, in the breach of fellowship, in the inability to see the greatness of the one thing that is common to all believers, the headship of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the littleness of everything else in comparison with that. If the different bodies had the greatness of mind to practise real fellowship, to recognize each other in actual fact, to demonstrate their unity of spirit and faith by union at the Table of their common Lord, while following their own beliefs about Church government, there would be no scandal. Even the Government would not be so bat-eyed as to fail to recognize real unity.

What does the Archbishop say on this point? The answer is so important that I will transcribe his words (p. 10): 'No doubt there are principles to be observed and safeguarded, and we must so plan our united witness as not to break or compromise them. At this point there may be some disagreement among us; in my view the proper place at which to draw the line, while the relations

between the various communions remain as they are, is where it is drawn in the resolutions of the Upper House now to be considered in the Lower House. Until we have reached that consummation of union which will consist in full sacramental communion, it would seem to me wrong and false to admit as a preacher during the service of Holy Communion one who belongs to another communion than our own. On the other hand, to admit such a one to preach the sermon appended to Morning or Evening Prayer on the occasion of any enterprise of united witness seems to me appropriate and most desirable. If the occasions for interchange of preachers are limited to special services, the impression of truly united witness is greatly impaired; and this should be avoided unless it is held that some really vital principle is at stake. I find it hard to see how this could be.'

F. J. RAE.

A CENTURY OF JEWISH LIFE.

The legacy of Israel has been such a wonderful contribution to man's well-being, and Christianity is to so great an extent a product of Jewish experience, that a welcome awaits any such serious and scholarly book as the late Dr. Ismar Elbogen's *A Century of Jewish Life* just issued by the enterprising Jewish Publication Society of America (\$3.00). It is a work of over 800 pages, handsomely produced, with two coloured maps, a useful bibliography, and notes which reveal familiarity with a wide range of relevant literature. The author died last year just as he completed the book, and the appreciation of him included in the volume makes one feel that no one could have been found better qualified to undertake this difficult and extensive study.

The book is written entirely from the Jewish point of view, and the writer is naturally hostile to what he repeatedly calls 'submitting to baptism,' alludes to Heine's description of baptism as 'the admission ticket to European civilization,' and appears to agree with the opinion that 'never has a Jew become baptized through conviction.' He refers to Missions as employing 'all means, fair and otherwise, to promote proselytization,' and tells how before the Hitler period in Germany the Jew could only gain admission to the State by 'a back door, the baptismal font,' while in Hungary as a result of the *numerus clausus* for Colleges 'a frightful panic' seized the Jews and nearly seven thousand sought baptism in 1919-20, and in Czechoslovakia in 1939 thousands embraced Christianity 'not because they had suddenly come to see the light' but for reasons connected with immigration visas. Sympathy shown by Christians is admitted, as well as efforts by scholars such as Delitzsch to counter anti-Jewish statements; but there is reference also to the opposition of organizations like the National Rumanian Christian Students' Union. Special attention is called to difficulties due to the conception of 'the Christian State,' and there are references to attacks based on absurd charges of 'ritual murder.'

Dr. Elbogen offers a strong partisan statement

of the wrongs of the Jews since 1848, and is able to present a most extraordinary story of almost unbelievably inhuman treatment, especially in Russia, Poland, Rumania, and Hitlerite Germany. His account leaves one utterly ashamed of the multitude of horrors undoubtedly committed by professing Christians, but at the same time baffled by the fact that this attitude occurs in so very many countries and in all sorts of circumstances. The author makes no attempt to solve the Jewish problem, which threatens to be as puzzling and unyielding after the War as at any time; but he shows himself very understanding in describing the insuperable difficulties which have so far met every conceivable solution. His handling of the obstinate problems of Zionism is fair, and he has well-considered judgments to submit on world affairs, as for example on economic conditions after the last War. He recognizes how the situation is complicated by differences of religious and political outlook among the Jews themselves. Thus among the Jews of Czechoslovakia he says: 'In Bohemia and Silesia the religious attitude was largely dejected, in Moravia it was conservative, in Slovakia orthodox, in Carpatho-Russia fanatic, . . . it was impossible to attain unity among these strongly differentiated groups; a dozen communal organizations were in competition.' He lays his finger also on a serious problem when he reveals how bad occupational distribution of the Jews is constantly appearing. A particularly interesting feature of the book is to be found in the brief but extremely vivid pictures incidentally given of the many heroes of Jewry in the last century, Lilienthal, de Hirsch, Moses Montefiore, Herzl, Israel Zangwill, Louis Marshall, and many more; and there are of course passing allusions to others of Jewish descent who reached fame in the period, Epstein, Einstein, Bergson, Freud, Disraeli, Trotsky, Wassermann, and so on.

It was owing to the Hitler emergency that the author left Germany, and one is therefore not surprised at some bitter language with regard to persons and events not yet at historical distance. Goebbels is 'demonic,' Himmler 'the enemy of mankind,' Germany 'the stamping ground of rogues and gangsters.' One foe is described as a 'perverse bloodhound'; others are 'professional pogrom-makers'; and Nicholas II is 'not every inch the King, but every inch the neurasthenic.' At times, however, there is humour of a kind as where it is explained that the Jews survived because 'they were used to getting along with less than the minimum and had developed a certain immunity to hunger.'

Very extensive ground is covered in this volume and numerous outstanding episodes and problems have had to be mentioned—sweated labour, the Dreyfus case, Yiddish literature, Henry Ford and the Dearborn Independent, the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, Hilaire Belloc, 'crafty and deceptive,' on the Jews; and so on indefinitely. It was inevitable amidst all this that some points should receive less attention than others; but I feel disappointed that less than two pages could be spared for 'the attainment of equality' in

Britain, and that Baghdad, where there is such an ancient, large, characteristic and important Jewish community, has to be content with the most cursory reference.

This work is intended as a supplement to Graetz's standard history and is worthy of the association. One is happy that the volume closes in a lofty tone: 'As long as Israel believes, Israel will not perish. We trust in God, and we go on.'

G. D. HENDERSON.

FROM JESUS TO PAUL.

From Jesus to Paul is an extraordinarily interesting book. The author, Professor Joseph Klausner, Ph.D., is a Palestinian Jew who writes in Hebrew; the work has been translated (and very well translated) into English by Mr. W. F. Stinespring, Ph.D. This English edition (Preface dated 1942) was printed in the United States, and is published in London by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (15s. net). It follows on Professor Klausner's 'Jesus of Nazareth,' and is an attempt to explain why so characteristic a Jew as Jesus should have become the hero—hero rather than founder—of a religion so different from Judaism. It is marked by a certain sympathy and an attempt to understand not only Jesus but also the primitive Jerusalem Church as typified by James the brother of Jesus ('Jewish Nazarenes') and Paul himself. The approach is sane and somewhat rationalistic, being particularly good in its treatment of the critical problems presented by the Pauline writings. Paul's character and psychological constitution are subjected to searching criticism; he is found to be (like many other great leaders of men) subject to epileptic fits and to visionary experiences. Like Jesus, he was a thorough Jew, and all his conscious thinking was based on his Hebrew inheritance. But, unlike Jesus, he was brought up in a pagan world, and the Greek atmosphere exerted on him a profound influence, of which he himself was largely unconscious. Like many others he was not free from contradictions of thought, and throughout his life there is apparent the constant interaction of the two elements, Jewish and pagan. He thus becomes the true founder of historic Christianity which, we gather, is a form of Judaism so modified (in one place the word 'degraded' is used) as to make it impossible for the true Jew to accept it.

Full justice could be done to this book only by quoting it *in extenso*. In the historical section it follows the New Testament documents fairly closely, accepting their general accuracy, but sometimes ascribing to the actors motives which would not have occurred to the ordinary reader. The latter portion of the book is devoted to an exposition of Paul's teaching and of his place in world religion. And as we read we sense a hostility towards Paul himself, against which the author seems to struggle. He freely and generously admits all the good he can of the great Apostle, and closes his book with a short chapter in which he gives to Paul the credit for having made the Hebrew scriptures available for a large part of

mankind. He speaks in glowing terms, more than once, of the great panegyric on Love, even though he feels that the Pauline doctrine lays too little stress on righteousness. He fails to allow for the very considerable development which took place in Paul's mind; he does not, for example, call special attention to the fading out both of Rabbinical methods of exegesis and of a catastrophic eschatology in the later epistles. Nor does he see that the Pauline stress on a mystical religion is a real moral advance on prophetic ethical monotheism, since it substitutes an ethic of sublimation for an ethic of repression. Hence he feels that there is in some sense a conflict between the doctrine of faith and the constantly repeated injunctions to an upright life, both of which are characteristic of Paul. These are but a few of the points on which a Christian reader would want to argue with Dr. Klausner. Yet he has given us a book of the highest value, and we freely recognize the wide scholarship and goodwill which have gone to its making.

T. H. ROBINSON.

PROFESSOR MOFFATT'S LAST BOOK.

The Thrill of Tradition, by Professor James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt., LL.D. (S.C.M.; 7s. 6d. net).

This is not the place to pay any tribute to the late Dr. Moffatt, but one cannot say anything about this posthumous gift from his brilliant pen without remembering how much we have all received from it in the past. Probably the greatest and most permanent work is his translation of the Bible, which, in spite of the malicious critic who wrote of it as 'the translation of the Bible into Scotch,' is one of the best commentaries on the sacred book.

The Thrill of Tradition is based on the James W. Richards Lectures delivered before the University of Virginia. It is no reflection on the audience who listened to them to say that it must have been bewildered by the display of learning so lavishly offered to it. Very few educated readers of the lectures will have heard the names of half the writers familiarly quoted here. From that point of view the book is an amazing performance. In another way it is characteristic. Like all really interesting writers, Dr. Moffatt became most interesting in his *obiter scripta*, his side-shows. There is a good example of this in the second chapter, entitled 'The Epichristian Age and its Sequel' ('Epichristian' is a term coined by de Quincey for the period between the Crucifixion and the fall of Jerusalem). Moffatt is illuminating the truth that no great literature exists except in the wake of some great event or hope rousing a people. An epoch in literature that is creative implies some recent and powerful stirring of the imagination. This is the kind of generalization that kindled Moffatt's mind, and in the most fascinating way he proceeds to illustrate it, from the age of Pericles in Greece, the Elizabethan age in England, the age of Louis Quatorze in France, the Augustan period of Latin literature, 70-20 B.C., and finally

from early Christianity. That is an example of what is best and most absorbing in this book.

For the rest it is taken up with the illustration of familiar commonplaces, the power of tradition, its dangers, the duty of vivifying it, and the help it brings to mind and soul. There is, of course, a deal of repetition, and, but for the illustrations, the theme would hardly seem worthy of such extension. But Dr. Moffatt could not touch even so worn a thesis without adorning it and making it live. And the mind lingers on this his last gift to us with a gratitude that goes back to all his other benefactions.

F. J. RAE.

The Rev. Canon T. C. Hammond, M.A., is Principal of Moore Theological College, Sydney. In *Reasoning Faith* (Inter-Varsity Fellowship; 5s. net) he gives us 'An Introduction to Christian Apologetics.' The subject is treated under three main heads—Philosophical Objections to the Christian System, Scientific Objections, and Historical Objections. In the first he deals with anti-theistic theories; in the second he treats almost exclusively of evolution in its various aspects; in the third section he considers the difficulties which arise in connection with the idea of a written revelation and in particular the synoptic problem. The general position maintained is on the whole somewhat stiffly conservative, and many shrewd blows are dealt at critics. This, of course, is quite legitimate and often very necessary, for the supporters of a dominant theory are apt to become unduly dogmatic and to regard oft-repeated hypotheses as well-established fact. To this type of criticism Canon Hammond's book is a wholesome antidote.

In these fateful days when war has brought death and the thought of death to many homes there is sure to be a welcome for a little book on *Death and After*, by Mr. James Dunlop (Lutterworth Press; 4s. net). The writer expresses his aim as being to build 'a spiritual shelter to which ordinary folk could come for safety, comfort, and peace, in the dark days of bereavement, doubt, and fear.' In this he has attained a high measure of success. In simple language and with competent knowledge he briefly surveys the fields of philosophy and science for matter relevant to his theme, and finally bases his argument on the revelation in Christ and His resurrection from the dead. It is a sane and helpful book throughout.

The Growth of the Spiritual Life, by Phyllis Dent, M.B.E. (Rich & Cowan; 5s. net), is the twenty-fifth volume in the 'Needs of To-day' series, and it maintains the high standard set by its predecessors. It is at once simple and deep, spiritual and popular. The writer has given long thought to all that concerns the spiritual life—man's need of God, the revelation of God in Christ, self-surrender, prayer and worship, and the practice of the Christian virtues. On all these themes she discourses with insight and persuasiveness.

A Book of Words for Padres serving the Royal Air Force has been written by the Rev. R. L. Gerrard Wright, M.A. (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net). The writer is Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, and he writes not only with authority but out of a long and wide experience. His style is direct and breezy, the matter rich with common sense and sound Christian wisdom. He somewhat surprisingly commends the written sermon and quotes in support the practice of Winston Churchill and the B.B.C. speakers. This advice may be very wholesome in view of the tendency of Chaplains to indulge in a too free and easy style of talk. He also gives a curious impression of the elaborateness of a Church of England service when, after enumerating between thirty and forty items of church furniture and equipment—frontals, corporals, veils, palls, purificators, etc.—provided by Government, he declares all these to be 'not even the bare minimum with which to carry out the services of the Church with dignity and reverence.'

The European Churches (S.C.M.; 2s. 6d. net), by the Rev. W. T. Elmslie, is a useful and timely little book. It should well serve its intention of increasing the present interest in the subject and of offering a first guide to those whose interest has already been aroused. Questions for Study Groups have been appended. The scope of the book is sufficiently indicated by the Table of Contents, which shows that the accounts of the history and present state of the various Churches are set forth in the following order: Orthodox, Roman Catholic (in this section there are also references to the Uniate Churches and the Old Catholic Church), Lutheran, Reformed (in this section there are also references to the Czechoslovak Church, the Unitarians, and other Denominations). The concluding section treats of 'The Church in Action,' and includes subsections on Worship, Evangelism, Social Service, Education, Relations with the State, the Ecumenical Movement. Altogether a very satisfying little book, with guidance for further study. It concludes: 'The Churches have, as always, grown stronger in faith during their time of difficulty and oppression; and, by the grace of God, there are prospects of wider influence and service before them in the post-war period, when the faithful proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and loyal obedience to Him in all the practical affairs of life, will be the supreme need of humanity and the compelling will of God.'

The Rev. D. H. C. Read, B.D., C.F., since he was ordained in 1936, has spent fully half his time as a prisoner of war in Germany, and has used every opportunity of exercising his ministry among his fellow-prisoners. In this connexion he delivered a course of lectures on Christian apologetics which is now published under the title of *Prisoners' Quest: A Presentation of the Christian Faith in a Prisoners of War Camp* (S.C.M.; 6s. net). These lectures are of high quality, orderly in construction, logical in their reasoning, and clear in their expression. They give evidence of wide and discriminating reading and serious thought. Perhaps they have

too strong a flavour of the theological class-room, and, like much apologetic, are more fitted to enlighten the mind than to warm the heart. But the instruction given is excellent, and for so young a writer wonderfully balanced and giving rich promise of greater things to come.

A substantial and excellently produced volume dealing with the whole problem of the blind in India and what has been done, and urgently needs to be done, for them, has been published in Bombay and should be known to those who are interested in India's grievous social afflictions—*The Visually Handicapped in India*, by Ras Mohan Halder (Thacker & Co., Bombay; Rupees 18/8). Mr. Halder, a Bengali Christian, himself in charge of a school for the blind, writes with full knowledge of the Indian situation and its difficulties and demands and provides a valuable account of its various aspects. The book should prove of great use in India, and those in this country who desire to know how little has been done and how much is required in order to help the 600,000 whom the census reports as blind in India should consult it also. Major Sir Clutha Mackenzie of St. Dunstan's, who was himself blinded in the last war, writes in a foreword of Mr. Halder and his work, commending the book and describing the immensity of the task. He believes that the position of the blind in Europe a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago was not any better than that of those in India to-day. He desires, as we too should desire, that the happy and busy life that has been made possible for him should be made possible for the blind in India also. This book should help towards that end and unite with Mr. Halder and other Indian Christians who have felt the call to serve these sufferers many non-Christians in the land who feel a like compassion for their unhappy fellow-countrymen.

In our issue of April 1936 (vol. xlvii. No. 7) there appeared an article by Dr. Aubrey R. Johnson, of the University College, Cardiff, entitled 'The Prophet in Israelite Worship.' This article has met with general approval, and few contributions in any journal have had reference made to them more often. The article has now been extended, and the first part appears under the title *The Cultic Prophet in Ancient Israel* (University of Wales Press Board; 3s. 6d. net). Dr. Johnson discusses the place and function of the prophet (*nabi*) as a cultic specialist in Old Israel, and contrasts his functions with those of other cultic specialists, the priest (*kohen*), the seer (both the *ro'eh* and the *chozeh*). The conclusions of the original article are confirmed and extended. There can be no doubt concerning the accuracy of Dr. Johnson's conclusions. The prophets were part of the personnel of the shrine, whether local or at Jerusalem. They took their part in divination, and were consulted, even as late as the time of Jeremiah, for the sake of securing the welfare of individuals and of nations alike. We look forward to the appearance of the second part of these wider studies, in which Dr. Johnson promises to discuss the Psalter in this connexion.

James Moffatt.

BY THE REVEREND PROFESSOR A. J. GOSSIP, D.D., GLASGOW.

JAMES MOFFATT was, perhaps, the humblest and most modest man I ever knew—tested by that drastic proof, a gloriously authentic Christian.

It is true that, as a mere lad, he trumpeted himself into immediate fame by his first book, not only because of its amazing erudition, but, in part, because of a scornful attack which it contained on an eminent scholar. But that was a youthful aberration which the full-grown man bitterly regretted, and for which he made handsome amends. In any case, it was almost ludicrously uncharacteristic of one, his own mind packed with crowded knowledge, who moved among his fellows, apparently quite unconscious of his own size, enviably kindly and tolerant, and quick to praise. 'Judge not,' said the Lord Christ. And on that Bengel comments in his succinct way, 'without necessity, without knowledge, and without love.' 'Yet,' he adds, 'swine are to be called swine.' Moffatt was much too honest to call swine anything but swine; yet, while so doing, he managed to convey the impression that they too are useful creatures, with a real part in the make-up of things.

Physically, Moffatt was a tall, slim, long-necked figure, with a look of surprised innocence, and a smile, often there, sometimes quick, yet, for the most part, breaking slowly and gradually. He carried himself straight and erect, with arms hung rather stiffly by his side, and walked with a gliding kind of motion that took him over the ground with unexpecting rapidity.

Intellectually, he was brilliantly endowed with many talents; and to that was added an immense capacity for work, slow to tire. In his spacious Glasgow study, book-lined to the ceiling, he had three tables, on each of which was gathered the paraphernalia of some subject on which he was working—let us say Tertullian, the New Testament conception of love, and another. He would work at one for hours with absorbed concentration; and, when wearying, would rise, stretch himself, stroll to the next table, and refresh his mind with more hours hard toil on the new topic there; and so, perhaps, on to the third! And there is this to add. In the library of Trinity College, Glasgow, no one is allowed to smoke—no one but Moffatt, for whom as a Professor the rule was abrogated, because he could not be got to remember it, or keep it! An omnivorous and very rapid reader, he mastered a book, and made it a permanent possession with a speed exasperating to mere

dogged plodders, like the mass of us. We are told that Johnson, in his day, and Chesterton, in ours, could tear the heart out of a book while standing on their feet, and running through the pages. Moffatt could work at a like speed, but far more thoroughly. For his prodigious memory at once sifted out, and arranged, and pigeon-holed with accuracy; so that, from that moment, it all lay under his hand ready for immediate use, and was never forgotten. Consult him on any kind of subject, and, modestly, he would at once pour out a flood of detailed information, which investigation proved to be authentic and right. To take one illustration. I remember asking him where I could find trustworthy guidance on a very obscure matter; and immediately he told me that the best authority on that subject was in some tongue I do not know, synopsized it for me, commending, but criticizing on some minor points, assured me that the best corrective for these was a German book, which he summarized; and then proceeded to rattle out some thin-sown references to the matter to be found in English. So it was every time—knowledge, and order, and readiness—always and everywhere. Only once did I find a gap. There was a belauded theologian of whose books I could make nothing, and from whom I got no help. Puzzled and disquieted, I asked Moffatt what he thought of them. 'I have never read any of them,' he answered simply—much to my relief—a quietly devastating judgment, indeed! But that was unique; and left one with the incredulous feeling that one couldn't really have heard what one knew that one had heard.

Nor was it only in theology that he was thus happily and comfortably at home—in every sphere of it. Not, perhaps, equally so. Some of his friends have never been persuaded that he did not make a mistake when he transferred from the New Testament to Church History. He himself maintained that the latter was his true and proper sphere. Yet, with all his learning, he did little original work in it, and, probably, would have accomplished more had he remained true to his first love. But the whole wide field of literature had been diligently tilled. A vivid proof of this is that winsome series of little books, consisting of extraordinarily apt quotations affixed to practically every verse of Mark, Luke, and Ecclesiastes, and the like, giving indication of the first-handedness and range and catholicity of his reading. Or there are the delightful books on Tillotson and

on John Owen—selections admirably chosen, and introductions as fine as anything he ever wrote—clear proofs of how really this scholar sat humbly at the feet of the great masters of the past; and, wisely, brought forth things, both new and old, out of his treasure house. Moffatt would never have dreamed of making Bacon's boast that he had taken all knowledge for his province. Yet, in point of fact, he had practically done so, and knew more kinds of things than even Bacon himself. His own detective story was not good, though much better than the efforts of some other theologians and churchmen; but his knowledge of such writings, if not quite so overpowering as Hugh Mackintosh's, ran that close. And all types of serious literature were, for him, a sure possession. Denney was the least boastful of men, yet he once remarked that if, by some hideous calamity, every copy of Shakespeare were destroyed, he could reproduce all the essential passages—which was the plain and simple fact. Moffatt, too, had a vast knowledge of Shakespeare, and indeed of all the poets—notably of Tennyson, whose *In Memoriam* he knew by heart. Few things disturbed his calm and imperturbable spirit. But the habit of dismissing Tennyson as a kind of mental cissy never failed to rouse him into a stout declaration that he himself owed immeasurably to him, and accounted him one of the deepest and truest of modern thinkers. His early book on Meredith is an indication of his love for the great novelists, whom he knew through and through. To listen, as I have done, to Denney (again) and Moffatt talking at length on, say, Jane Austen or on Thackeray, was a revelation of scholarly and detailed and delightful knowledge. Long ago now, Alexander Whyte was making a memorable speech at the Jubilee of his friend George Reith, and introduced a telling quotation 'from some minor character in Dickens, who it was, I forget.' And then, his eyes falling upon him in the audience, he added, 'Oh, there's James Moffatt! He'll be sure to know. Who was it, Jim?' Whereat Moffatt at once gave name and context. Later, quoting 'The perseverance of the saints consists of ever new beginnings,' Whyte added, 'a favourite of mine, which I have always credited to so-and-so, yet one of my most learned friends assures me that is wrong. Who did say it, Moffatt?' And back came the answer, 'You are right, sir,' with the place at which to find it. So did this man carry about with him an uncanny mass of wide and accurate knowledge. Yet he would sit for a whole long afternoon at a Theological Club, listening interestedly, and often avidly, himself quite silent, till some one called upon him, or appealed to him. But when he did speak, always modestly and almost diffidently, things were like to happen. In

a moment or two we might be nearing the heart of the matter; or, one low shot, and some crazy craft of a confident theory, which had been jauntily cruising about all afternoon, was blown clean out of the water; or, he would restate a position, far better than it had been done by those who held it, show the truth in it which had got blurred from their clumsy handling, and then why it would not altogether do—a telling instance of the difference between a man who knows, and others who are only supposing, or suggesting, or thinking that they know.

A great bookman, in very deed! Yet he did not fall under that condemnation of Anatole France, who declared that the reason why the clergy fail is that they shut themselves into their studies, and deal, not with things, but with the representations of things, with mere paper and ink, 'never look out of the window,' and so do not really know their fellow-men. Moffatt was very simple, very lovable, and very human, with wide interests and eager hobbies and pleasures. On holiday, he holidayed wholeheartedly, enjoying every moment of it; though he told me that he found ten days of it enough; and, after a fortnight, grew wistful for his work and books. Still, a really expert angler, he knew few happier days than those on, or beside, some loch lost in the fastnesses of the Speyside hills. While, in town, he was a keen follower of rugby, or, if that Saturday there was no first-rate match, then of soccer football. After he went to the States he took to watching baseball, and grew keen. But to the last he was always eager for news of Scottish rugby, and particularly of his own Glasgow Academicals.

A notably loyal friend, he entered deep into others' joys and sorrows, giving himself to, and for, those in trouble and in sorrow with an ungrudging generosity and a skilled sympathy, which, by its quiet and its understanding, really helped. To hear him take a funeral service was a revelation. Far and away the noblest and most moving at which I have ever been present was carried through by him—far and away, and in a class quite by itself. The man had so united himself to the mourners, was really, as the fine Greek word has it, sympathizing, *i.e.*, suffering with, them; was really, as the Latins put it—saying the same noble thing—compassionate for them, 'sat where they sat,' had entered with them towards the raw sore heart of their experience; and yet how he rang out the glorious confident Christian challenging of death even beside the open grave; how he exulted in the glory, gained through Christ, by those who have passed on!

And long afterwards he still walked by his friend's side. On the first anniversary of my wife's funeral, Moffatt, by that time months in America,

wrote me, beginning, 'I am remembering.' A human, kindly, lovable soul.

Rightly or wrongly, to me at least it seems that he did not manage to get his whole personality, or even masses of his learning, into his books—that he himself was far bigger than they.

There is, of course, the translation of the Bible, that astonishing single-handed achievement, by which he will be chiefly remembered. It is not immaculate. What human effort is? But what numbers of people have been helped by it, and are immeasurably grateful for it! And in how many ministers' studies new light has fallen on the sacred page, direct from heaven; and new truth, new understanding, sermons galore have sprung into being. In style it has, of course, nothing like the exquisite, mysterious, heart-gripping loveliness of the Authorized Version, that incomprehensible, and indeed quite unique, phenomenon. For that perfect thing was concocted by a Church Committee! And everybody knows that these hot and industrious men have no claim to be stylists. And yet such a Committee once produced the crown and flower and acme of our literature! With God all things are possible.

Even in Moffatt's own sphere of the New Testament there are little flaws—Scotticisms, such as the use of our word factor for land-steward; and even one or two slips up. Against the background of the clean austerity of 'Go, and sin no more,' 'Be off, and never sin again,' seems to me terribly bad and jarring. But is there another lapse in the whole book to be even compared to that? And how often wonderful truths that had become faded and dim and weathered through long familiarity with words grown trite, leap out into new vividness and colour and arresting power in the newer translation. Especially is this so in Moffatt's versions of the Epistles, which are more helpful—or should one not say even more helpful?—than those of the Gospels. Again and again what had seemed dark and tangled grows lucid and exciting by the new turn and setting given to it all. There are places where I, for one, prefer, say, Weymouth. Yet how masterly and apt and final Moffatt often is! As to the Old Testament, some have been not altogether sure that he was complete master enough of the more subtle and delicate nuances of the Hebrew tongue to attempt the immense task. The last minute change to 'The Eternal,' for example, was, surely, certainly a mistake; and a bad one at that. Yet the plain fact remains that, whereas for many people, large sections of the Old Testament had been mere dumb notes on a piano, giving no sound at all, or, at best, offering a meaning which was purely arbitrary, and a private and unjustifiable interpretation, Moffatt made it alive for them again, and breath-

lessly thrilling. When the translation first appeared I remember writing him and saying two things, which he quoted in an answer to his critics—was it in *The Times Literary Supplement*?—declaring that that was what he had set out to do, and, if it were accomplished, he was content. I told him that while Job was obviously *the* book in human literature on the dark mysteries of life, I had never been able to read it through at a sitting; that, at places, the argument moved so slowly—a canal rather than a living river—that I tired; but that in his version of it I was swept away breathlessly on and on to the very end, and could not put it down. And that in Isaiah, for example, the sense of God's presence in the world became to me so vivid and overpowering that I found myself looking around and behind me, awed and expectant, sure that God was there. It is a great translation that can produce upon a reader's mind effects like that. And, in all probability, Moffatt's will live for many a long year.

But, sound and useful though they are, his other books are, somehow, much less than the man who wrote them. Some of his own favourites got stuck fast upon the stocks, and never reached the water—his Tertullian, for instance. That is a real pity. For, like Glover, and unlike most authorities—Raven, for example, becomes at times almost maniacal in his red-hot hatred—Moffatt had affection for that fiery, passionate and very human soul, with his rush of vivid language, and whose man's heart we can still feel beating—compared to whom, indeed, some of the other more belauded Fathers seem bloodless and prim (and may one say it?) boring. What did appear—and there was a big output—is all learned and serviceable. But the real personality of the man who wrote them is but dimly discernible in, say, *The Approach to the New Testament*. To hear him speaking on that subject, with his full mind unrolling itself, was much more educative than reading what he managed to set down; just as, fine studies though they are, Johnson was vastly bigger than his *Lives of the Poets*, or, indeed, than anything he ever wrote.

But the fact is that, while every one thinks of Moffatt as the scholar that he was, the main thing in his life was, not even learning, but religion. Quiet and unostentatious here as elsewhere, he was among the most devout of men. It was a real experience to worship with him, whether he was in the pulpit, or in the pew beside one. This was a man who loved the courts of God's House. I recall coming away discontentedly from a village service, and running into Moffatt, just home from America. The man was radiant, and full of delight over the service, till at last I broke in, 'You make me ashamed; for I feel lean and

hungry and disgruntled.' 'Oh, man,' he said, 'it's so easy to worship God when there's a man in the pulpit who believes in *something*.' From which I gathered that some of the spiritual fare he had been offered had been vague and nebulous stuff. But to this man the worship of God was a delight; and, given any chance at all, he exulted in it. His own sermons were memorable. He was a fine preacher (always he began with the same phrase, running it into a single word, 'thetextofthesermonthismorning') as can be seen in *Reasons and Reasons*—though later on, he preached better even than that. It was apt, pointed, original, telling, delivered simply and rapidly, without any oratory, an honest man teaching his fellows, and sharing with them what he had learned of life and of God; so sure of his case that he never overstressed it, evidently feeling it had only to be stated to make its own inevitable way.

But it was the devotions that were the real heart of his services. Prepared with long and meticulous care, and always read, his prayers had a depth and a sweep, and an amplitude, and a sympathy, and a humble reverence which brought God very near, and made it easy to speak to Him face to face, and really difficult for any one to push past and ignore Him.

The fact is, that probably the outstanding thing that Moffatt did for his generation was something like this.

There has been a tremendous revolution and upheaval in the religious world within my lifetime. In some ways it has been more fundamental even than the Reformation. Then, people, who had been taught that the Church is infallible, found it was very human, and, so, very liable to err. And, with that, everything seemed giving under them, till they were taught that there is an Infallible Word to lean against. But, fifty years ago, scholars began probing that sacred Word, befingering it, teasing at it, tossing it about, announcing new theories of Inspiration, and new views of Revelation, and new understandings of

the term Infallibility; and folk were shaken, worse than ever, till they were taught that there is an Infallible Spirit, who works, indeed, through erring men and a poor fallible Church, but is Himself Infallible.

In Scotland we came through that ordeal much better than was managed in some other countries. And why? Largely because our leading scholars were patently devout and dedicated men—Robertson Smith, A. B. Davidson, Bruce, Dods, George Adam Smith, and the like. And simple people, puzzled by the new views, inclined to fancy them disloyal and disastrous, held their hand, and soberly considered them again, because they saw that the men who held them were not disloyal, but devoted to the Master, far more so than they were themselves. And so the Church came safely through.

Moffatt belonged to the next generation. But he carried on that work and that tradition. Men knew that this man loved his Lord. And so the truth made way.

As everybody knows, for the last seventeen years of his life, Moffatt lived in America. He was abundantly grateful for the lavish friendship, and the characteristically generous hospitality by which he was surrounded. And yet he was incorrigibly Scottish; and, towards the end, he grew homesick. One notices that in America Scots are apt to do one of two things—either to become far more American than the Americans and contemptuous of the home ways, or to grow ever deeper in affection for their own old land. It is the smaller men who turn into the former road; the bigger men almost inevitably take the other. So one has discovered from experience. And Moffatt was a big man. 'Surely, surely,' he wrote in one of his last letters, 'there is a cottage somewhere in Scotland where I can find a home.' Yet that was not to be. And he lies yonder, among the people whom he loved and who entreated him right royally. But his own folk and land will not forget him. We too 'are remembering.'

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Glass Slippers.

BY THE REVEREND DERRICK CUTHBERT, B.A., B.D.,
BIRKDALE, SOUTHPORT.

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.'—Lk 10²⁷.

HAVE you ever wondered what kind of slippers Cinderella wore at the Prince's Ball? Yes, the

story says glass slippers, but surely they could never have been made of *solid* glass. Had they been, Cinderella could never have danced on until midnight; her aching feet would have made her give up long before then!

Until recently one could only explain the puzzle by saying that they were slippers of fairy glass, which must have been different from the glass we know; but now new discoveries have shown us that the slippers could have been made from ordinary glass after all. For it has been discovered

that if broken glass is melted down and then 'drawn out' into very thin threads, it becomes quite flexible and soft, and can be woven into materials for clothes and curtains, or even for dancing-shoes. In its new form it is called 'glass silk,' but it is not just another inferior imitation of real silk; it has valuable properties all its own. It is easily cleaned, it will bear a very hot iron without scorching, and its colours are fadeless. Then, strange as it may seem, glass cloth is very warm: a shirt of glass would not be the chilly garment that it sounds; on the contrary, it would be as warm as wool. If Cinderella's slippers were made of glass silk, she must have found them not only beautiful, but warm and comfortable as well.

For hundreds of years the world has known how to make glass vessels of different kinds. Long before the time of Christ, the ancient Phœnicians and Greeks were expert at making beautiful glass vases and cups; but only lately have men discovered how to make glass fit to wear. And yet it is the same glass, made from the same materials. Bottles can be made into glass silk, and glass silk can be changed back into bottles. In bottle or cloth the material is the same, but what a difference there is between them! The cold, hard, brittle glass we know so well, the glass that cuts like a razor, has become soft, pliable, and warm, ready for heaps of new uses.

Now it may seem a far cry from glass to St. Paul, but it was he who came into my mind as I thought about the transformation of glass bottles into glass cloth. After all, he went through a transformation too. There was a time when Paul was what we call a 'hard' man, cold, haughty, and proud. He thought it unbearable that there should be Jews who dared to teach that Jesus of Nazareth, who had been crucified not long before, was the Messiah of Israel. That these people should oppose the Jewish authorities, and even criticize the Jewish Law, roused him to fury. Thorough and whole-hearted in all that he undertook, he determined that he would seek them out, wherever they might be, and have them punished. He had been present at the execution of one of them, called Stephen. If all of them met the same fate, so much the better! He was as unbending and cruel as a piece of jagged, broken glass.

And then this proud, cold, cruel man, in the midst of persecuting the Christians he hated so much, found himself in the presence of their Master—the Jesus whom he thought dead—and from that moment he was changed. His life was turned in a different direction, and he received a new Spirit, a Spirit who made him humble instead of proud, compassionate and sympathetic instead of cold and forbidding, a missionary of the love of God instead of a persecutor of those who held beliefs different from his own. He was still the same Paul, with the same appearance, the same brain, the same love of learning, and the same whole-hearted enthusiasm. But he was changed, and changed for the better.

If we only had the example of Paul we should know that Jesus Christ can not only make weak

people strong, He can make strong people lovable and kind, the helpers and servants of others for His sake. But Paul is only one among thousands, and what happened to him can happen to you. When Jesus 'changes' us He does not take away all that makes us what we are and different from other people. He does not force us into a mould which does not—and never could—fit us. He claims our special gifts and powers, our enthusiasm and strength, for the service of God:

And as we are Thy children true,
We are more truly men.

Beware of the Hydrangea.

By LEONARD WOODLEY, GOLDERS GREEN, LONDON.

'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.'—
Ps 56³.

A certain old gentleman was very fond of his flower garden. A certain little group of boys who lived nearby were very fond of cricket. Unfortunately the boys would persist in playing just outside the old man's garden, and when they hit the ball over the wall, they not only climbed over to get it, but they generally trampled on the flowers.

The old gentleman fixed a notice on the wall: '*Beware of the Hydrangea.*' The notice did the trick; from that day, there were no more trespassers on the flower beds!

Those boys may have known all about cricket, but there were some subjects on which they were not so wise. I don't know what they made of that word '*Hydrangea.*' Possibly they remembered reading at school of the hydra, the nine-headed monster that Hercules slew in the course of his twelve labours; and they thought that a hydrangea was something like that, only more so. Or maybe they thought of hydrophobia, the terrible disease that is caused by the bite of a mad dog; and they decided that the hydrangea was a kind of mad dog. At all events, they kept well away from that garden.

Of course, we are much wiser. We know well enough that the hydrangea was only one of the flowering shrubs in the old gentleman's garden!

In the London Zoo is a rare animal called the okapi. He belongs to the giraffe family, but his neck is not so long as that of the ordinary giraffe. He comes from the Belgian Congo, and he is so used to the twilight of the dense forests that he doesn't often come out of his house in bright sunlight. The first time he came out into the sunshine at the Zoo, he had a terrible fright. Can you guess the cause? Just this—he was afraid of his own shadow! He had never seen it properly before!

The okapi—like the young cricketers—was afraid of something quite harmless, because he couldn't understand it. And that's a useful thing to remember. When you are afraid of something, pull yourself together and look it straight in the face. Very often you will find that you have been frightened of nothing at all. Some people are afraid of ghosts; some are even afraid of breaking

mirrors and walking under ladders. They are just as silly as the boys who were afraid of the hydrangea and the okapi who ran away from his shadow.

But there are times when we can't help feeling afraid—most of us, that is. Here and there you will find some one who doesn't know what fear is. Nelson was said to be like that, and I think that King David was, too. But the finest kind of courage is to conquer our fears.

A small boy went with his father to watch an army review. He wandered off to some friends who were nearby. Then he heard them saying that all the big guns would start firing in a moment. 'Is it going to be a very big noise?' he asked. 'Yes, sonny,' they told him, 'it will be very noisy.' The little boy turned round. 'Good-bye,' he said, 'if there's going to be a big noise, I'd like my father to hold my hand.'

So, when we are afraid, let us speak to our Father above, and we shall feel the strong grip of His hand. In that famous twenty-third psalm, that we like to think was written by David the fearless himself, you remember how he says, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' But for those of us who can't help being a little bit afraid sometimes, here is the word of another great psalm, 'In the day that *I am afraid*, I will trust in Thee.'

The Christian Year.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Final Reality.

BY THE REVEREND T. TUDOR RHYS, B.A., B.D.,
HINCKLEY.

'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.'—2 Co 5¹⁸.

What is the final reality? Is this universe kind, or is it cruel? Or is it just indifferent? Does it mean well, or does it mean ill? Or does it mean just nothing at all? What will be its last word to us? Will it be a word of encouragement and hope, or will it be a taunt and a sneer? Or will there be just dead silence?

Now, there is this about reality, that its nature is revealed under conditions of stress and strain. That appears to be true of the reality of anything whatsoever. Philosophers believe that the answer to the question, What is the meaning of it all? What is final reality?, will emerge under the stress and strain of reason and argument. Reality lies somewhere at the end of the final syllogism. But there is a more practical way than that, a method which is being applied to everything and to everybody every day, although, for the most part, we are unaware of it. Reality is revealed under the stress and strain of experience.

If one wants to know the reality of a bar of steel, an aero engine, a sheep-dog, a bicycle, or what you will, each one of these things can be sub-

mitted to its own appropriate test and trial, and under that stress and strain, sooner or later, gradually or suddenly, the reality of that particular thing will come to light.

And it is the same with people. What are *you*, really? Of what stuff are you really made, when it comes down to bed-rock? What is the final reality of you? Maybe you don't know. Maybe nobody knows—yet. Maybe you have not yet been submitted to the ultimate test. You have not yet experienced that kind and degree of stress and strain at which the real 'you' is revealed.

All this is going on all the time. It is a familiar theme of novelists and dramatists. The story generally opens around a character who is held in the highest esteem by everybody. That character is submitted, as the plot develops, to a series of stresses and strains until, at last, the point is reached when the real truth about that character comes to light. Very often in fiction the final truth comes as an unpleasant surprise. The saint, under stress and strain, turns out to be mostly lath and plaster and the pillar of society a broken reed.

The surprise may be of the other kind. There is a beautiful instance of this in Mark Rutherford's *Deliverance*. He had married a widow who had one daughter by her first husband. The girl was dull, listless, and unattractive. There was nothing in her. One day, her mother was taken seriously ill. There was nobody to do the nursing but this lump of a good-for-nothing girl. But here are Mark Rutherford's own words: 'What a change came over that child! I was amazed at her. All at once she seemed to have found what she was born to do. The key had been discovered which unlocked and revealed what there was in her, of which hitherto I had been altogether unaware. Although she was so little, she became a perfect nurse. Her levity disappeared; she was grave as a matron, moved about as if shod in felt, never forgot a single direction, and gave proper and womanly answers to strangers who called. Faculties unsuspected grew almost to full height in a single day.'

Here is an incident recorded at the time. A young fellow was in prison for 'being on enclosed premises for an unlawful purpose.' One day he escaped over the roof with a policeman in pursuit. Suddenly, there was a crash. The policeman had fallen through a skylight, but he just managed to save himself from a thirty-foot drop by grabbing a girder with one hand. Without help he would have lost his hold and broken his neck. In a flash, the fugitive saw the policeman's peril. What should he do? Here was a chance to get away! With tremendous and sudden force the ultimate test had come. Without a moment's hesitation he turned round and shouted to the policeman: 'Hold on, mate, I'm coming!' He went back, caught hold of the policeman's belt, and hauled him up. When he was sure that his pursuer was safe he tried once more to escape, but by this time others had come on the scene and he was caught. Here was a man with a police record, a bad lot according to the judgment of the world.

But, when the appropriate strain was brought to bear upon him with sudden and terrific force, the reality of the man was brought to light, the soul of goodness in things evil. Reality is revealed under conditions of stress and strain.

Can this principle be applied to the universe, or rather, to the personal power who, as we believe, is behind it all, holds it all together, and keeps it going? Can it be applied to God?

Now, if God exists, and if He is the creator and governor of the universe, then He must be a Being of unlimited power. He is therefore dangerous. It would be unwise, unsafe to take liberties with Him and to tax His patience overmuch. The bully hits out only if the other fellow can't hit back. The blackmailer applies the screw only if the victim daren't speak out. But you can't blackmail God. Because, however much you may know about Him, He knows a great deal more about you. However hard you may hit, He could hit a great deal harder. It would be a dangerous thing to place God under severe stress and strain.

But that is exactly what did happen. And the kind of test to which God was submitted was the ultimate test. It was the type of torture beyond which even the ingenuity of the Devil could not go. God is a Father, and He has a Son. To torture the Father they tortured the Son. On Calvary they aimed at God and struck Him at the vital spot—His love for His Son. On the Cross God the Father was tried and tested to the extreme edge of endurance. Slowly, at first, the pressure was applied. For three long hours the Son of God was tortured. Slowly the screw was turned until, at last, they gave it the final turn and God's own Son was slain. Now, or never—under the supreme torture of the Cross, and at the final turn of the screw, the real character of God and of His universe will come to light and the final reality revealed. Just after the nails had been driven into the living tissues of His tortured body the Son of God cried out: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

The final reality is Love. 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.' The final reality is Love, and God's last word is Come.

There is one thing more: What are *you*, really? Of what stuff are you really made, when it comes down to bed-rock? What is the final reality of you? That question can be answered now. The final reality in you is your response to the final and ultimate thing in God, and that is His Love. It is your answer to God's last word, and God's last word is Come.

What is that response? What will the answer be? Either—or? That is the great and that is the last alternative. There is no more to be said.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Tragedy of the Divided Mind.

'Remember Lot's wife.'—Lk 17³².

There are many sayings of Christ which appeal to all serious-minded men as supremely important.

We may accept them or decline them or try to explain them away, but there is no denying their importance. There are other sayings which may be considered only provoking. When, for example, He suddenly charges His hearers to remember Lot's wife, some one may complain that there is nothing about her worth remembering, except that she was turned into a pillar of salt. And the question may be raised whether it is profitable to be reminded that the Bible is full of miracles which greatly perplex the modern mind.

There was a time when we might have sympathized with the objection. Miracles of healing we might have been ready to consider, for they suggest powers to which we may yet attain. But this is a miracle of destruction with more vengeance in it than commends itself to our humane consciences. That might have been the attitude of many years ago. Now we are more inclined to ask whether we have not so made a fetish of history that we have lost the faculty for poetry and legend. We are less than ever inclined to deny the miraculous element in religion, but we are convinced that we go seriously astray when we want to read all the Scriptures as we read Macaulay or Green or Trevelyan. And, further, we see that when Jesus charged His disciples to remember Lot's wife it was not because He wanted them to marvel at a miracle, but because He wanted them to learn a truth. His purpose was always practical, not speculative. What is the truth He wanted them to learn?

The words appear in a very remarkable and in some respects a difficult passage. Our Lord is talking to His disciples about coming events and preparing them for crisis and calamity. The exegetes tell us that He is thinking of the fall of Jerusalem, which came to pass in the year A.D. 70. If so, He seems to see not only Roman legions attacking the City of David, but the dramatic breaking in of a Divine order upon this earthly plane. It is difficult to say exactly what these apocalyptic passages mean; but the point that concerns us here is quite plain: our Lord looks forward to the time of calamity as a swift visitation taking people unawares. Full of fear, men and women will rush here and there; starting off for safety and then, remembering something they want to save, doubling back to find it; and in the coming and going, the uncertainty and conflicting cries, families will be divided and lives lost. The point of the passage is this—that the disciples in the hour of crisis were not to be unprepared and undecided. And at this point Lot's wife is introduced as an illustration.

How often that kind of warning was upon the lips of Jesus? He was always telling men that they must see clearly and choose deliberately, and then, having made their choice, to continue in it. It is in the Sermon on the Mount when He speaks of the broad and narrow way. It is in the word to the young man who wants to go and bury his father: 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' He was always saying that men who put their hands to the plough and then turned back were unfit for the Kingdom of God. Perhaps it was because

He saw the instability of those Galilean crowds that were ready to crown Him king one day and to beat Him out of the town the next. Perhaps it was because He saw the same danger in the Twelve—Peter, for example, so ready to say that he would lay down his life for his Master, yet so terrified a few hours later by the taunts of a serving maid. And it was all so different from His own steadiness and loyalty.

There are a great many people like Lot's wife all around us.

John Bunyan gives us a portrait of Lot's wife in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Pliable who, having heard of the glories of the Celestial City, sets off with enthusiasm, and complains that his companions are too slow. But when they come to the Slough of Despond he is the first to protest. 'May I get out again with my life,' he cries; 'you shall possess the brave country alone for me.' And Bunyan tells us how Pliable 'gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house.' Bunyan was describing the sort of person Jesus had in mind when, in the Parable of the Sower, He spoke of the seed which fell on stony ground. It sprang up quickly, but withered away because it had no depth of root. Pliable is the sort of person who acts on sudden impression, not in deep conviction. He is capable of a flirtation with virtue, but not of continuing faithful to the end.

'There is but one thing needful,' writes Amiel in the first sentence of his *Journal*, 'to possess God.' What a promising beginning! Yet for all his intellectual penetration and literary charm and religious aspiration, the *Journal* lacks strength and robustness. The secret of the deficiency we found in the entry for 18th November 1851. Amiel has been estimating his own strength and weakness, and after the analysis comes self-judgment, including this: 'Hence aptitude for theory and irresolution in practice; hence critical talent and a difficulty in spontaneous production. Hence, also, a continuous uncertainty of conviction and opinion.' What a depressing conclusion! And that note is struck so often that one of his admirers has admitted this: 'We have here a man who knows everything, who can see the world with the eyes of everybody, who yet . . . can do nothing with all his heart and all his strength.'

Communities are made up of individuals and usually the individuals get the sort of leadership they deserve. We must start with ourselves, learning decision of character and continuity of policy in a thousand little things, if ever we are to have sound judgments in public affairs and if ever we are to be safe guides in times of crisis. There is no easy way. Sometimes in our personal lives it is simple enough: it is a choice between good and bad, and we know what to do, and do it. More often it is a choice between good and better, or better and best—and while principle points in one direction, expediency seems to point to another. Let us beware of subtle arguments when we come to those indefinite cross-roads. Many people have been led astray because they have

been too clever to listen to the dictates of their hearts. It is better at such a time to remember our quiet experiences than to listen to many counsellors—better to view the future in the light of hours of consecration than to ask advice of neighbours or books.

The Christian Church is sometimes charged with being a refuge from the harsh realities of life. Perhaps sometimes it is. But it ought to be the place where men learn to face facts. The Christian ought to be known above all men as the man of conviction. Not that he is to be dogmatic about everything. There will still be matters upon which he must suspend judgment. There will still be a recognition of an encircling mystery. There will still be charity in legitimate differences. But there should be none of the procrastination that comes from timidity and none of the wasteful and wistful lingering with things once renounced. The greatest of all decisions is whom we will serve. The choice is not to be a private bond, but a public profession. It is not to be for a single battle, but for a life's campaign. He who chooses Christ, knowing that Christ has already chosen him, will be like unto him of whom the poet wrote:

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.¹

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Many Folds, One Flock.

BY THE REVEREND J. NOËL THOMPSON, B.A.,
BLACKROCK, DUBLIN.

'And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.'
—Jn 10¹⁶ (R.V.).

In these words the Good Shepherd proclaimed the wideness of His mission. It was not confined to those within the fold of Judaism who had already recognized the Lordship of Christ and accounted themselves as His followers. It was extended to all those Gentile believers who, although they were not yet gathered in, were destined for Him by the Father. 'Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.'

Here, it will be noted, the Revised Version, with 'one flock,' makes an important alteration in the Authorized Version's 'one fold,' which Dr. Westcott called 'a disastrous mistranslation.' A modern commentator, Dr. G. H. C. MacGregor, says that 'the ideas of the fold and the flock are deliberately contrasted. The bond is not in a common organization, but in a common relation-

¹ F. H. Ballard, *The Desire of All Nations*, 48.

ship to one Lord. There may be various folds, though but one flock and one shepherd.'

Surely here is the clue to the right approach to the unity of the spiritual forces which are concerned with the establishment of the kingdom of God, and in particular, the unity of the Christian Churches. In these days of ecclesiastical exclusiveness, when the temptation is strong for each section of the Church to settle down within the security of its own heavily protected sheep-fold—in complete indifference to the sheep of other folds, if not in total forgetfulness of their mere existence—it is supremely important that Christian people should lift their eyes beyond the narrow confines of their own little denominational folds, cast their sympathetic gaze upon the other sheep in other folds, and, above all, look up into the eyes of the Good Shepherd, the Great Shepherd and Bishop of all souls.

There can be no doubt that the complacency of Christian people, in face of the unhappy divisions of Christendom, is a standing reproach to their loyalty to the faith which they profess. For it is beyond question that the unity of all believers is the ideal desired by Christ, and enjoined by Him upon His followers. Hear Him as He prays for His Apostles that they may be preserved in unity, and 'for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.' That gracious and most comprehensive prayer unveils the mind of the Master on the spirit of unity which should underlie all the differences which inevitably arise among men who think freely. 'Might it not be nearer to the Master's mind,' asks a prominent Bishop of the Anglican communion, 'that we should leave our differences, whether in the expressions of our belief, or the modes of our government, as they stand, and still be wholly one in following Him? What keeps us spiritually asunder, breaking our vital unity, is not some point originally in dispute, but the spirit and the mutual attitude engendered when men insist on pursuing controversies in terms that belong to a bygone age. The differences themselves, essential as they seemed at the time of the severance, have lost much of their significance. They will be settled, if ever, not by the old methods, but in the solvent of a new temper, springing from real obedience to the great commandment of Christ.'

This word of the Good Shepherd not only indicates the unitive function of true Christianity, but also reveals the real nature of the unity which is desirable. That unity, under one Lord and in one faith, is not necessarily uniformity, with which it is often confused. Such uniformity has been a hindrance rather than an aid to unity. Here lies the importance of the vital change which the Revised Version introduces in the words of the Authorized Version, in the last clause of the text. 'They shall become,' not one fold, but 'one flock.' A flock may include many folds, just as an army may include many divisions, composed of

many regiments and battalions. Each component part has its own function to perform; separate and distinct from its fellows, yet subserving the purpose of the whole, fitting into the grand design. One cannot say to another, 'I have no need of thee.' 'For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free.'

There are diversities of gifts. No two men are exactly alike, and no two men's religious experiences are similar in every detail. It does not appear that God, who created men so diversely, is as enamoured of the blessed word 'standardization' as we are. And true Christianity must deal with God's creatures and in God's way. It must take into account the endless varieties of religious experience, and the varied responses of myriad men. A modern critic has remarked that 'the curse of the Church to-day is the tyranny of type.' All regimentation in the interests of a superficial uniformity is inimical to the spiritual freedom which is inherent in the religion of Christ.

There is no expeditious road,
To pack and label men for God.

There must be room within the scattered flock for many folds of different temperaments and theologies, East and West, young and old, radical and conservative. 'Each man hath his own gift from God, one after this manner and another after that.' We Presbyterians, for example, are not concerned to affirm that rule by Bishops may not be a legitimate method of church government. What we are concerned to affirm, and we believe that the facts of history support us, is that government by Bishops is not the only legitimate method.

'There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.' There are many folds, but one flock, one shepherd. These diversities, provided they work harmoniously within the one universal Church, are not an impoverishment but an enrichment of the Church's message, not a weakening but a strengthening of the Church's witness, for they furnish evidence of the Church's manifold activities. Life always defies uniformity. Where life is rich, spontaneous, copious, it reveals itself not in one but in many forms. Uniformity is the sign of restricted, not abundant life.

But such differences need not constitute divisions, unless we deliberately make them so by acrimonious partisanship. The unity of Christianity is unity amidst diversity. It does not consist in the uniformity of religious dogmas or ecclesiastical orders, but only in that faith in God through Christ which binds all believers to God and to one another. 'The name of Christ,' says Professor Royce, 'has always been for Christian believers the symbol for the spirit in whom the faithful—that is to say, the loyal—always are and have been one.'

'Has the Church of Christ,' asks the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, 'ever been divided in the chambers where men shut their door and pray to their Father in secret? Do we not all pray the same prayers—at least the same prayer of prayers? Has it ever been divided in the service of praise and thanksgiving? Has it ever been divided on the shelves where we keep our books of devotion? The mystics all tell the same tale. They have climbed the same mountain and their witness agrees together. All ages, denominations, and languages are blended harmoniously in that Jacob's ladder which scales the heavens in far other fashion than is ever dreamed of by the builders of Babel. Has Christendom ever been divided in the world of letters? Do not Biblical scholars, historians, philosophers, forget their denominational differences, and work side by side in the cause of truth? Lastly, are we divided in philanthropy and social service? Do we not unite—naturally and spontaneously—in the warfare against vice, crime, and injustice? These are no slight bonds of union. If the Church of the future will, as we hope, be co-extensive with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness; if this is the goal towards which we are moving, however slowly; if this is the idea of the Church which already exists in the mind of God as a fact; let us press forward thither in heart and mind; let us anticipate that which will surely come to pass, and which, when it has come to pass, will make what is now the present appear in quite a new light. Let us keep that ideal of a Christian Church ever before us, gazing upon it with that eye of faith which gives substance to things hoped for, and conviction to things not seen.'

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Gideon, Underground Patriot.

BY THE REVEREND L. J. HOWELLS, B.A.,
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'Gideon was beating out wheat in the winepress.'—Jg 6¹¹ (R.V.).

It is as strange to see Gideon threshing wheat in a winepress as it is in our day to see a patriot printing his resistance paper on a press in a cellar in an occupied country. Gideon was a patriot, and, though not exactly underground, yet he had been driven sufficiently far down amongst the rocks forming the winepress as to make the parallel with the modern underground patriot very striking.

In ordinary times threshing was done with threshing-sledge and winnowing shovel on the top of a hill four-square to the winds of heaven. Now, however, the times are not ordinary. At successive harvests the cruel invader sweeps down upon Gideon's village carrying off the fruits of harvest, making the fields as bare as if they had been stripped by locusts. As people of our time, expecting the invader to invest and rob, hide their

wheat underground, so do Gideon and his people. '... to hide it from the Midianites.'

So, wheat is beaten out in the place where grapes usually grow, since, as the corn is ripe and the grapes are not, Gideon correctly surmises that the marauding Midianite will not look for corn in a winepress.

See then, this patriot with his threshing rod, beating out the wheat, his own heart beating out a fierce resistance. See him glancing from time to time at the hill-top, and wondering what can be done to rout the foe. See him getting the shock of his life. God is present in the winepress!

Note three truths about Gideon:

1. He had not expected God. He was surprised when the messenger said, 'The Lord is with thee.' 'Why then is all this befallen us?', was his natural reply. 'The Lord hath cast us off,' he said quite definitely. He had expected the Midianites, if not in the winepress, then in the cornfields, but not God.

Gideon had reversed the order of Carey's famous sermon-slogan, 'Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God.'

We have no right to criticize Gideon, since so often we expect God last. In a Church crisis we expect God only when the well-organized expedients have broken down. We expect invasions of our coasts, but not by God.

So many people are beating out wheat in a winepress—doing their work in the wrong, underground, difficult place. The former bank-clerk loading shells on some beach-head, noble men languishing in concentration camps, one-time shop assistants digging amongst the rubble and debris. May God be expected in these places? 'Officially,' no. But 'officially,' the Cross was a winepress where God was not expected: Bethlehem was a poor, despised affair where religious officials expected anybody but God: the Synagogue not the Upper Room housed the orthodox. Yet God has come nowhere with such significance as to these winepresses with their stories of death and birth and resurrection.

Wherever people are threshing wheat in a winepress, beating out their convictions, a way of life, doing their duty, there they may expect God—the God of Gideon, and, more to the point, the God of Jesus.

2. He had not explored God. He spoke with confidence of the God of his fathers and believed in Him as the God of miracles, but it did not seem to strike him that God wrought those miracles through human hands and hearts, through the consecrated lives of people like Abraham, Joseph, and Moses.

God was teaching Gideon in the winepress that miracles could be performed again through him, asking him to believe that His own Divine Spirit might be clothed with Gideon's personality. That is the meaning of v. 34 in this sixth chapter. 'The spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon,' may seem prosaic, but to a Hebrew it would be concrete and picturesque. The spirit of God is 'clothed' with a man's personality.

So God is calling Gideon to yield his hands,

head, heart—everything he is and has to His service. And in two big ways. First, on the Home Front. Secondly, on the Foreign Front. The story seems to be about the Foreign Front, chiefly, and indeed it was imperative that the invader should be driven back. But Gideon saw that the two fronts were related. In an illuminating moment he realized that the Midianite could be met only as wrong thinking about God was met. Matching vision with action he went with his sharpest axe and ten men and cut to pieces the altar erected for the worship of Baal.

The Book of Judges is concerned with this two-way problem. It is not merely a collection of stories about invasions, battles, sorties. It is that, of course, and therein it has a historical value. But at the heart of the book is a religious value. Here is the story of brave people who saw that it is no use trying to deal with the outside until you do so with the inside. What is the purpose of beating Midian if Baal holds you in a vice?

In our day we have precisely this double-barrelled difficulty. It is important to deal with what is on the outside, as it tears and rockets its way into our lives; the enemy must first be beaten, as it is put. True, but side by side with this necessity and with that other big one of post-war days, namely, the rehabilitation and relief of 20,000,000 people in Europe, is the mighty need of recalling the men and women on the Home Front to a purer conception of God. Under that name, God, there is much Baal worship and practice. When we explore God and His ways in history we discover that He produces miracles through people. The miracle of pure and undefiled worship and life will be wrought as we yield our personality to God.

3. He had not expressed God. Obviously a man can express God only if he has an expectancy of Him or if he has explored Him. Conviction about and knowledge of God are prerequisites of proclamation. There seems, however, to have been another reason for Gideon's not using the trumpet earlier than he did. When God called him Gideon protested on the ground of his poverty. He was not good enough. 'My family is the poorest in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.'

This shrinking from witness and service for God is so familiar a feature of our own time that it is instructive to note how the men who were called in Bible times almost invariably excused themselves. Moses paraded his lack of eloquence, Isaiah his unclean lips, Jeremiah his timidity and immaturity. Here is Gideon in the same vein pleading his poverty and insignificance.

Yet God has done some of His greatest works through poor, unacclaimed people. He uses cobbler and carpenter, tinker and tailor, poor man, beggar man. Gideon's name meant 'tree feller.' He was a layman, with no priestly training, a man with a trade, not a profession. God called the humble, lowly-stationed craftsman who threshed wheat.

Let the layman listen. The hope of the world lies in him. The Light of the World was a layman,

and one of the surprises about Jesus was that God called Him from the carpenter's bench. You need not be sensitive about your station. God is calling you wherever you are and whatever you do to be a Gideon. You may be teaching a much too large class of grubby youngsters, or snipping coupons behind a counter, or punching tickets on a bus, or calling at the house of the poor and destitute. The task does not matter, the man or woman doing it matters supremely.

'God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.' As Wilfred Thomason Grenfell puts it, 'There is no such thing as size to weep over. Size after all depends, as Einstein shows, on velocity; and so we can see how the spiritual is real, the real is spiritual, and the widow's mite bigger than all the gold and silver of the Pharisees. . . . God's challenge to us is only to do whatever we can.'

So, expect, explore, express God.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

What Can We Know of Heaven?

BY THE REVEREND RAYMOND J. ROBINSON, B.D.,
BOSTON, LINCS.

' . . . that holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance. . . . '—Eph 1¹³, 14.

Preachers to-day do not speak so much about Heaven as did those of a former generation. The life to come was a matter in which our fathers were deeply concerned. They seemed to be more aware than we are that here we have no continuing city, and they sought to know as much as possible about the one to come.

But even if to-day we, in a rightful recognition of the proper claims of this present life, have gone to an opposite extreme from our predecessors and have largely neglected a consideration of the world to come, there are moods and experiences, through which most of us pass, when we ask questions about the heavenly world.

Perhaps our inquiries are most insistent when our concern is not with ourselves, but with those near and dear to us.

People ask ministers strange questions in such moods, expecting them to know so much, and are often surprised and disappointed when they receive to many of their inquiries the reply, 'I really cannot say.' Yet very often that is the only honest answer that a minister can give.

For how are we to know anything of the nature of the heavenly life? We might expect Scripture, our supreme guide in things spiritual, to have some information for us. But how little Scripture has to say. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'

Nor should we expect Scripture to reveal the secrets of that transcendent world. It brings us many great and wondrous truths, but it has to

express them all in a language that we mortals can to some extent grasp, and the only language that we can understand, that of earth, is by its very nature unfitted to describe heavenly realities. To describe heaven in the tongue of earth would be similar to attempting to lecture an infant class on some advanced technical subject. What the Bible does reveal it is compelled to give by way of suggestions drawn from earth, couched in language which we instinctively recognize to be symbolic, not descriptive.

Yes, Heaven to be Heaven, must be beyond all earthly description, and often those who have gone beyond this simple truth and have tried to give us details have not made the prospect too attractive.

Can we then know nothing? In answer I am reminded of Dr. John Baillie's story about the dying man who asked his godly doctor to tell him something about the place to which he was about to go. 'Do you hear that scratching at the door?' the doctor replied. 'It is my dog; he has grown impatient and has come upstairs. He hasn't any idea what is inside this room, but he has heard my voice and knows that I am here. Now is it not the same with you? You do not know what lies behind the Door, but you know your Master is there.'

That simple story embodies the authentic Christian hope. Jesus said to His disciples, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also.'

That is the all-important thing, the one thing needful. Heaven is where Jesus is, and Jesus we know and trust and love.

And yet I venture to say that we can know more, even if our knowledge transcends translation into earthly language. Our clue is in these words of Paul, in which he speaks of the Holy Spirit of promise as the earnest of our inheritance.

This word 'earnest'—the Greek is *arrabon*—is a fascinating one, going back into the Hebrew of the Old Testament. It means a pledge, a token, something on deposit. If I were to buy a house, my deposit of a hundred pounds would be my earnest to the seller. The deposit would not be the whole, far from it, but though only a part of all that was to come, it would be a genuine sample, the money paid would be of the same kind as the much larger balance.

In modern Greek this word *arrabon* means an engagement ring. Do not let us be misled as to the significance of the engagement ring by the foolish youth who spends his last sovereign on the token. The true significance is that it is a promise and a foretaste of the time when the bridegroom will bestow all his worldly goods on his beloved. Do you remember that lovely story in the Book of Genesis, which tells how Abraham sends his servant to find a wife for Isaac? We read that when Eleazar was satisfied that God had rightly directed him 'he took a golden ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands,' and gave them to Rebekah. That was her engagement ring, her *arrabon*. It was the guarantee that

at the end of the journey to Canaan all the goodly things of Isaac would be hers, but it was a genuine sample of what would be hers—among other things. The old commentators and preachers may have let their fancy run away with them, and yet I am not surprised that they saw in Eleazar a type of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to gather out the Church, the Bride of Christ.

Yet the very mention of the Holy Spirit is for many suggestive of something mystifying, something extra in religion, attainable by those rare souls we all recognize as saints, but not for the common run of ordinary believers. Some teachers and some sects certainly give that impression. But while we grant that there is a fullness of the Holy Spirit, available in this present life, to which few of us attain, we must also remember that everything in our Christian experience, from first to last, is by His operation. Simply to taste and see how gracious the Lord is is to know something of His operation.

That means that a very wide range is opened up to us in our meditation. All our Christian experience is an earnest, a foretaste, a sample of heavenly reality. I therefore propose to direct your thoughts to two experiences, which I am sure will have in some measure come within the ken of each of you.

You have been baffled, anxious, utterly distracted. Maybe a deep sense of personal failure has come over you, or perhaps you are exasperated with some one else's pettiness, or circumstances may have conspired to deal you some hard blow. It matters not how, but your soul has been like a tempestuous sea. And then something happened, something miraculous. It may have been in the hour of worship, perhaps at the Table of the Lord, or at your own bedside, as you looked to Him who promises grace to help in time of need, or it may have been under God's great overarching sky. It matters not where, but into your soul stole a great calm, a deep peace. It may have been but for a little while. It was beyond description, but it was real, and the experience helped you to face life again with a renewed strength. That was the touch of the Holy Spirit, that was a sample of the life of heaven.

Think now of something quite different. I speak of human fellowship at its deepest and best. You may be sitting or walking with some one you have known quite well for a long time, you may be in conversation or silent, but somehow something happens and the barriers between you are swept away and you are closely knit in spirit. It may happen by an almost unconscious growing together of two souls, but however it happens it is a reality. I suppose that is what happens in the best marriages, but it happens in other relationships as well. It can happen in a group. Some of us have known such times round a study fire in college or in a fellowship meeting. Was it not this which happened at Pentecost, whatever else happened? There a group of men who had known one another for a good while, men of very different temperaments, were welded into a fellowship.

This, too, is something which we cannot describe, but we can experience it. It is the work of the Holy Spirit, who is the Spirit of Love; it is an earnest of that life of fellowship which is the Eternal Kingdom of God.

'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have

entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' So wrote Paul, but it was not all that he said. That life may be beyond description, but we have a foretaste of it in our experience here and now. 'He hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit.'

Mark ii.21=Matthew ix.16=Luke v.36: The Parable of the Patch.

BY THE REVEREND F. C. SYNGE, M.A., FULHAM PALACE, LONDON.

It appears at first glance that Luke has altered the balance of this parable. Matthew and Mark tell of what no sensible person will do, sew a patch of new cloth on an old garment, Luke of what no man in (or out of) his senses will do, ruin a new garment to patch an old. In Matthew and Mark, the central figure, as it were, is the old garment, and the point is that such a patch merely serves to hasten its end; in Luke, the new garment is the central figure, and the point is that such a patch both tears the new garment and looks incongruous. In Matthew and Mark, it is made clear that this is the wrong treatment for an old, worn garment; in Luke, that this is fantastic treatment for a new garment. In Matthew and Mark, the old perishes; in Luke, the old may conceivably have been saved—he does not say that it is the worse—but the new is ruined irretrievably.

Assuming that Luke deliberately changed the balance it is possible to explain why he did so: he wished to make this parable of the patch exactly parallel to the accompanying parable of the new wine and the old wine skins. There the point, in all three evangelists, is that false economy causes the loss of the new wine through the failure of the old skins to stand the strain. The lesson of this parable and of Luke's version of the parable of the patch is the necessity of the independence of the New Israel from the Old. Our Lord's anxiety is lest, in the marriage of New and Old, the New should perish. The Old is worn in any case and of little further use. The Church must be independent and not a patch, not an attempt to prolong the life of the Old Covenant. The Old Israel cannot provide a framework for the New because, like an old wine skin, its job is done; to use it again both hastens its end and destroys the New.

This is a plausible explanation. But is it necessary? Has Luke, in fact, altered the parable

of the patch? I suggest that what he has done is to give a correct paraphrase of Mark and that it is other interpreters who have misunderstood Mark, discovering a difference where none exists. In brief, Luke has correctly understood *πλήρωμα*, and the commentators have not.

Τὸ πλήρωμα in Mk 2²¹ is invariably translated as though it signified the patch. But does it? In Luke's version, that which no sensible person will do is to tear a piece out of a new garment in order to mend an old one or, in other words, to destroy the wholeness of a new garment. This 'wholeness' is the meaning of *τὸ πλήρωμα* in Mark, and this is what Luke took it to mean. No one, Mark says, sews a patch of new cloth on an old garment; else the patch takes the wholeness from the new cloth, and moreover, a worse tear results. *Τὸ πλήρωμα* is object, not subject, of *αἶρει*: the subject is *τὸ ἐπίβλημα*. Crazy patching of this nature both ruins the new and ruins it fruitlessly. The emphasis rests upon the ruin of the new.

Of the two scholars who have written in English about the meaning of *πλήρωμα*, Lightfoot contended that it always had a passive meaning, that which is filled up, complement, plenitude, whereas Armitage Robinson asserted that it could bear an active meaning, that which fills. Lightfoot was a sounder scholar in this matter than Armitage Robinson, whose arguments, though plausible, reveal a failure to penetrate the meaning of the passages he expounds. But Lightfoot was acutely embarrassed by this Marcan passage because he took *τὸ πλήρωμα* to refer to the patch, which was just what, by his own definition, it could not mean. Had he taken Luke's hint and perceived that *τὸ πλήρωμα* referred to the wholeness of the new cloth, his argument would have been without a flaw.

Let us now turn to Mk 6⁴³ and 8²⁰. 'They took up fragments, twelve *πλήρωματα* of baskets' and 'The *πληρώματα* of how many baskets of fragments

did you take up?' Mark here means by πλήρωμα wholeness or completeness. A basket is a receptacle which, so long as it is empty, awaits its πλήρωμα. But this πλήρωμα is not that which fills it, but the fulfilment of its function *qua* basket. The πλήρωμα of a basket is not a basketful, nor a basket filled full, but rather the fulfilment of 'basket-hood.' It is the basket-plus-fragments which constitute the basket's πλήρωμα. In colloquial language πλήρωμα κόφινον may have meant 'a basketful'; but it must not be forgotten that this is so only colloquially and by corruption. Literally, it meant a full basket, a basket fulfilled. Similarly, the πλήρωμα of a ship is not that which fills it (whether crew or cargo), not a shipful, but, in that it is a full ship, a fulfilled ship, a ship fulfilled in respect of its functions and purpose and therefore now a new unit, a whole.

Πλήρωμα is that which comes into being when a basket (*e.g.*) is fulfilled and put to the purpose for which it was designed. When something loses its wholeness it loses its πλήρωμα: when a piece of cloth has a patch cut from it, it loses its πλήρωμα.

But what of τὸ καινὸν τοῦ παλαιοῦ in Mk 2²¹?

Matthew, who follows Mark almost word for word, omits the phrase, perhaps because he was of the opinion that it added nothing to the sense, perhaps because he could not make head or tail of it. There is, however, another possibility, which, if it cannot be proved, cannot be disproved, namely that the words did not stand in his copy of Mark. There is, moreover, nothing in Luke's version to show that it stood in his copy. I suggest, therefore, that they are a scribe's annotation: he wrote τὸ καινὸν in apposition to τὸ πλήρωμα to indicate, rightly, if unnecessarily, that this referred to the new cloth, and τοῦ παλαιοῦ in apposition to ἀπ' αὐτοῦ to indicate, wrongly, that this referred to the old garment.

Our conclusion, then, is that Luke gives the meaning which Mark intended to convey, and the meaning which Mark conveyed to him, that patching an old garment with new cloth is folly *primarily* because it ruins the new. The Church is not a means for the continuance of the Old Israel. It exists in its own right, a new, independent entity, having its own distinct life in the purposes of God.

Entre Nous.

The late Principal W. M. Macgregor.

Forty years ago discerning people counted golden every opportunity to listen in St. Andrew's Free Church, Edinburgh, to W. M. Macgregor. James Paterson's etching emphasized the marked resemblance of the preacher to the poet Dante; and by one of Nature's freaks the same physical mould housed a spirit of some similar quality. Aloof yet keen-sighted, breaking deep silences with comments of devastating frankness, he had something of the unconscious arrogance of the Florentine who said, 'If I go, who stays? If I stay, who goes?' 'Who can stand before his cold?' was a text as wittily as profanely applied to him by one of his office-bearers; yet it was said not resentfully but in affectionate admiration. For personal pride was never in that detachment, nor indifference, but penetrating insight and a far-seeing and fearless estimate of the values of things and enterprises and men. This independence of judgment, so amply vindicated in this instance by after events, was seen in one of his earliest appearances in Assembly debate when he steadfastly faced an angry house in his almost solitary opposition to the annual motion for disestablishment.

A prodigious and vivacious memory gave him constant command of a vast field of literature;

and his imaginative sympathy imparted to his quotations and allusions the pungency and relish of a contact with real life. To many he gave the impression of being imperious and remote, a prophet and a man of books. But his memory was as infallible for a face as for a phrase. 'Well, Robert,' or 'John,' he would say to some shy student he had met years before as a schoolboy in his father's manse. 'We have met before,' he said on being introduced to one lady; 'we passed each other ten years ago on the doorstep of my brother's house.' This interest in people gave him enormous power as Highland Convener during the prolonged troubles of the Church crisis after the formation of the United Free Church. He knew each village leader in the North and the local complications of every dispute about buildings, the very chimney in the old manse that smoked, and the best site for the new church. By loch and glen he came and went among Highland congregations as one of themselves, alive to all the implications and possibilities of each intriguing situation, and by the contagion of his serene faith winning their loyalty and confidence.

From the early years of his ministry Dr. Macgregor had established himself in the regard of discerning minds as a master with a quality and savour all his own. His first book of sermons,

Jesus Christ the Son of God, with its subdivisions, Preludes, Forecasts, Impressions, Reflections, revealed a mind already mature and profound, and gave him a pre-eminence never challenged as a preacher to preachers. His passion was a smouldering fire sensed rather than seen. Through the treatment of every theme ran a searching moral exposure of human motive, often the more scathing because of the almost genial comprehension mingled with the scorn; and the manifest range and unembarrassed hospitality of his mind made his judgments when they came seem inevitable and final. His method was not the frontal attack but rather the choice of some human situation which gave cover for the infiltration of the non-religious mind by ideas that eventually disclosed their disconcerting and dominating force; while quotations from strangely unexpected sources dropped like paratroops behind the hostile lines. Denney once reproached him in a review for his *penchant* for quotations from heathens like Walt Whitman and Nietzsche and Rousseau. 'But that,' said Macgregor impenitently, 'is just the use for which these writers are intended.'

To listen to his preaching was to be in continual expectation of surprise by some word or allusion or verdict or touch of sardonic humour. It was not that he invented humour, but he saw it in the facts, and was at no pains to hide his vision if one cared to share his viewpoint. One Sunday morning, for example, when, as it happened, the popular and worthy Jowett of Birmingham was crowding a nearby church to overflowing, Macgregor had occasion to refer to Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol. 'As Dr. Jowett remarks,' he said, and then, to guard against a possible misapprehension came the drawing informative parenthesis, 'the great Dr. Jowett.'

Honours came to him, offices were thrust upon him, but the impression always was that he was bigger than any place in which he stood. About most men the question is discussed how they will rise to the new dignity of high position and worthily wear its regalia. In the case of W. M. Macgregor, people just waited with curiosity and confidence to see how he would dominate a new sphere. R. W. STEWART.

Sincerity.

'When Gaston de Latour watched his bishop, he was reminded of an old Roman augur smiling to his confederates. Contrast that with R. H. Hutton's account of the impression made upon him at Lincoln's Inn when for the first time he heard F. D. Maurice preach. His voice and manner in reading the service as well as in the sermon that followed "have lived in my memory since, as no other voice and manner have ever lived in it." Hutton instances the emphasis on the familiar words of the general confession, "and there is no health in us." Maurice threw "the weight of the meaning on to the last word," striking "the one note of his life—the passionate trust in eternal help—as it had never been struck in my hearing before." It was the influence of

Maurice to which the Editor of *The Spectator* owed his soul. . . . The thrilling intensity of Maurice's preaching, as he humbly communicated what he believed to be his message, poured through his reading of the service beforehand, so that what others mumbled, to the disrepute of tradition, became a vital source of impressiveness.'¹

The High Adventure.

'We need to guide our way to that true source [of the good life] by the light of the old lamp of faith and with the help of the genie of unselfish service.

'Let the new world, then, be the old world, but inspired with a new spirit, its will surrendered to the divine law, its mind purged of greed, hypocrisy, and selfishness, and filled with a truer sense of values, its heart guided by reason and bent on service and willing sacrifice, its thoughts turned to helpfulness towards the weaker and more backward races and to collaboration with the stronger for the betterment of all, its eyes lifted ever to the highest, its face touched by some "Splendour of God" and transfigured.

'To create it is a "social purpose as compulsive and as worthy of sacrifice as the purposes of war." This is the high adventure in which the youth of all nations, all those, indeed, who have been so willing to give their lives in war, may find full scope for their energies and faculties in peace. It will not prove an easy task.'²

Progress.

'When Briand was assailed in the Chamber by cries of "Renegade!" he replied proudly: "Present!" and he added:

"In my native Brittany at low tide you find little fish caught in the hollows of the rocks and wriggling about in the sea-water. Round about them, stuck to the rocks, are the mussels. Let a tide pass and come back: Your little fish will have disappeared; the mussels will still be there. Mussels are steadfast, but in the scale of being fish stand higher than mussels."'³

¹ J. Moffatt, *The Thrill of Tradition*.

² Sir George Cockerill, *What Fools We Were*.

³ André Maurois, *Call No Man Happy*, 170.